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HEAVY METAL

The adult illustrated fantasy magazine

Featuring an excerpt
from the biggest epic fantasy
of the '70s:
The Sword of Shannara.



RETAILERS, SEE PAGE 1
FOR SPECIAL DISPLAY
ALLOWANCE PLAN

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Copy Editor: Susan Devins

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Publishers: Matty Simmons, Leonard Mogel

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ORIGINS

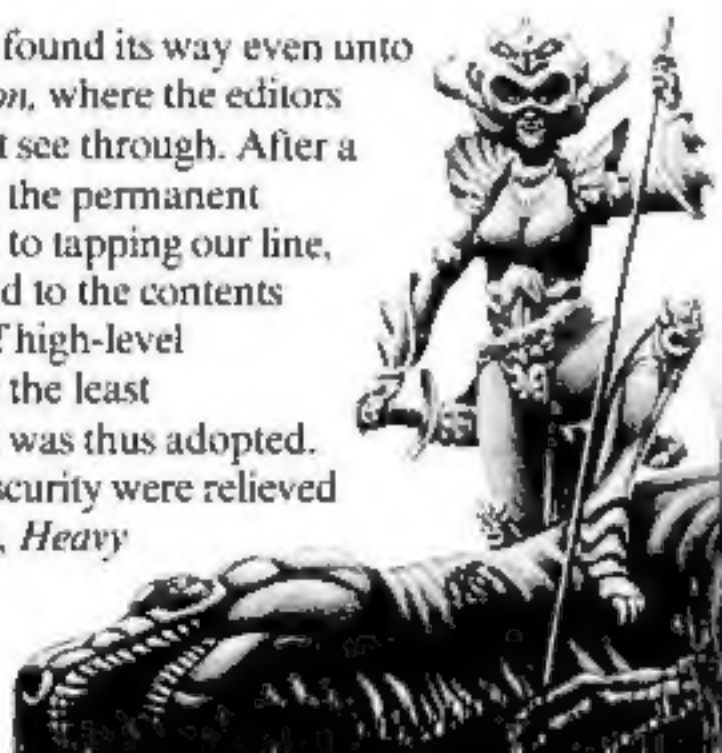
At 4 A.M. on the nineteenth of December, 1974, under the mad marksman's eye of the archer in the sky, on the feast of Bishop Nicasius, who prophesied the arrival of the barbarians who beheaded him, observed by whoknows how many orbiting whatnots, a linkless foursome previously identified as Druillet, Dionnet, Moebius, and Farkas were transformed into the Associated Humanoids. Shortly thereafter, a magazine entitled *Metal Hurlant* materialized on newsstands. *Metal Hurlant* means "screaming metal" — whatever that means. It was, and still is, issued by the Associated Humanoids. The magazine appears to be the work of an alien intelligence, as indeed it is.

It is French.

French is a difficult language to understand because of the large number of English words in it. Thus, when the French say "science fiction," they are not, as you might think, referring to H.G. Wells or "Star Trek" or even Jules Verne. "Science fiction" is a term which can sufficiently define Big Macs, South America, Methodism, or a weird neighbor. *Vogue Magazine*, anything Belgian, and pop-top cans are certainly science fiction. The Humanoid "Moebius," writing in *Metal Hurlant*, describes how, while listening to a Johnny Cash album, he realized that science fiction is a cathedral. Are you beginning, dear reader, to sufficiently misunderstand?

And lo, it came to pass that *Metal Hurlant* found its way even unto the New York offices of the *National Lampoon*, where the editors sit around hoping to see something they can't see through. After a series of transatlantic phone calls resulting in the permanent hospitalization of the FBI operative assigned to tapping our line, it was agreed that America should be exposed to the contents of *Metal Hurlant* for its own good. A series of high-level conferences concluded that *Heavy Metal* was the least comprehensible title for the magazine, and it was thus adopted. Certain American artists famous for their obscurity were relieved of their manuscripts, and now, as you can see, *Heavy Metal #1* has been published.

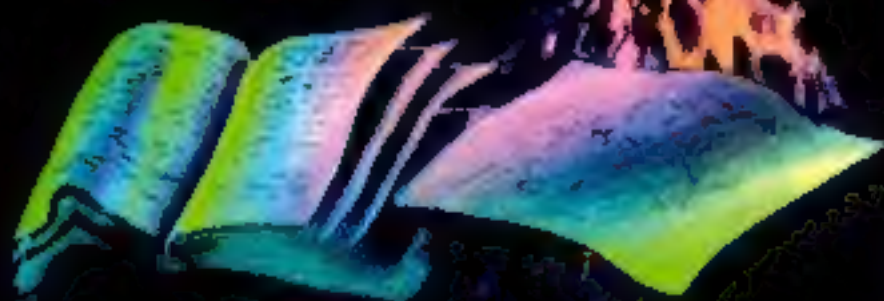
And the rest is science fiction.



Dein

It seems I was floating in darkness for an extremely long time. Slowly jumbled clouds of electromagnetic impulses coalesced to form my mind and I became aware of myself as an entity. I drifted across nebulous unfocused colors.

As I wandered through the maze, I saw something. It was an image...a memory, but it was so fuzzy and indistinct. It seemed as though I was looking at a book...what is a book?



Within the book was an unconnected page. It had something on it...an incomprehensible labyrinth of lines. The images faded, swept away by a searing light. Other sensations accompanied the radiance, bombarding my emerging consciousness.



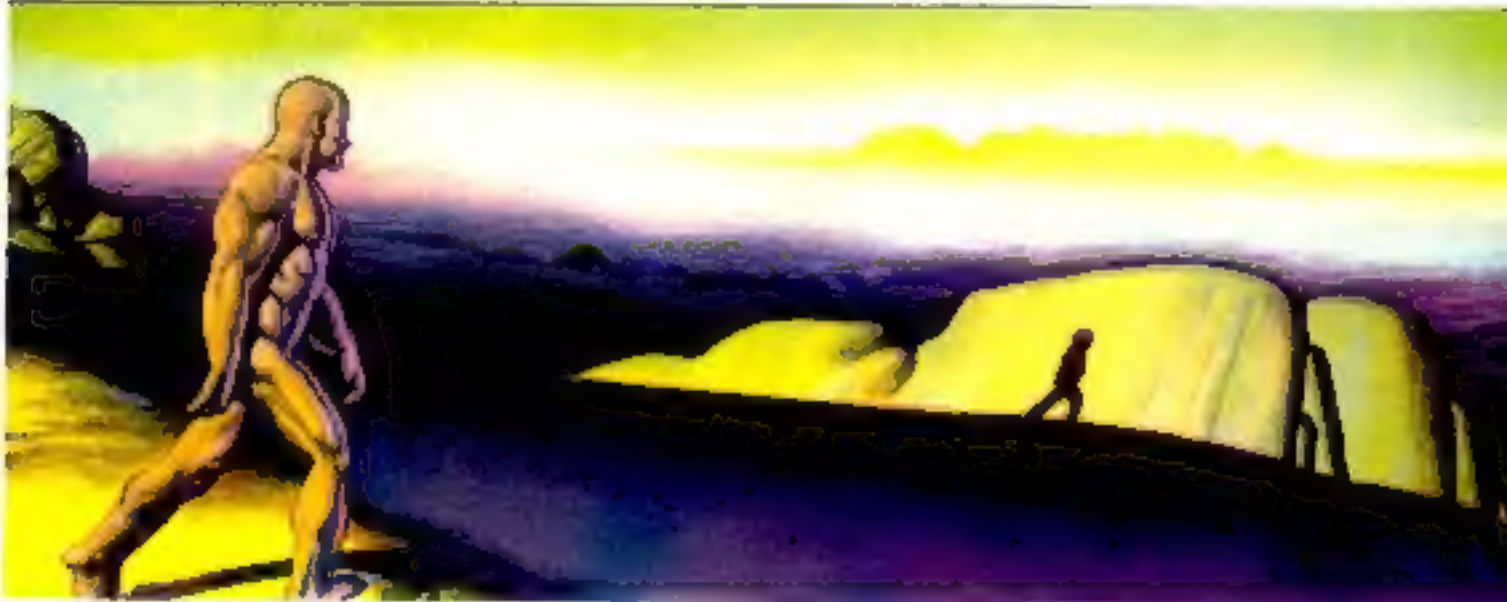
Who was I? Where was I? . . . The landscape was totally unknown to me, even my body was unfamiliar.



What forces brought me here? I searched my mind for memories. . . There was something there, but it was too clouded. . . A name. . . D. . . E. . . N. . . My name is DEN.



I scanned the horizon. A distant structure rose out of the mists. I decided to go there. Perhaps it held a clue to the mystery.





I walked. My bare footfalls in the sand created the only sound. A slight breeze was a small relief in the heat.

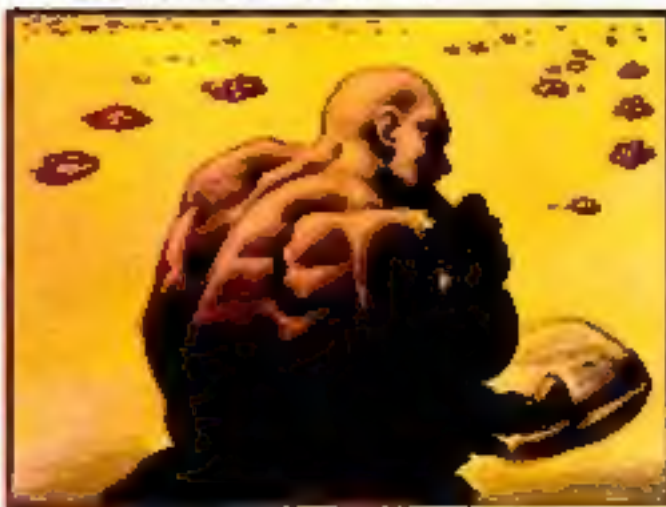
After several hours existence in this desolate land, ...

...I was overtaken by a vacuous feeling ...HUNGER.

—FOOD!!



There were instincts, reflexes and a good amount of muscular dexterity contained in this body in which I found myself. I was thankful but still confused.



As evening approached I came upon an enigmatic oasis with a fountain. I pondered the artisans identity. I was happy to drink the sweet water without pause. The abundant fruits were also delicious.



After further refreshing myself, I thought to find a place to sleep. Apprehensive of predacious creatures that might habit the fountain, I left its immediate vicinity and found a protected spot nearby.



Near morning dreams came to me. There was a person, and the book of my former vision. The surroundings were strangely familiar.



The man's attention was wholly upon reading and was surprised by the discovery of the loose paper. Then the scene changed. The man manipulated miniature structures into an incommensurable assembly. I awoke with an overwhelming anxiety.



A creature, the likes of which I'd never seen before, was drinking from the pool.



I was frozen with fear. Could it hear my pounding heart? Could it find me from my scent? Could it sense my presence by some unknown faculty?



Apparently quenched, the lizardman left and disappeared among the rocks. I was about to descend for a drink when—





Another figure approached.

The ornamented headdress and anklets exuded the sound that alerted me.



I concluded that it was an Indian girl, which gave me new thoughts about my location. She drank and left.



The girl traveled toward the edifice. It was my quest also, though I had no predetermined purpose there.



I ate.

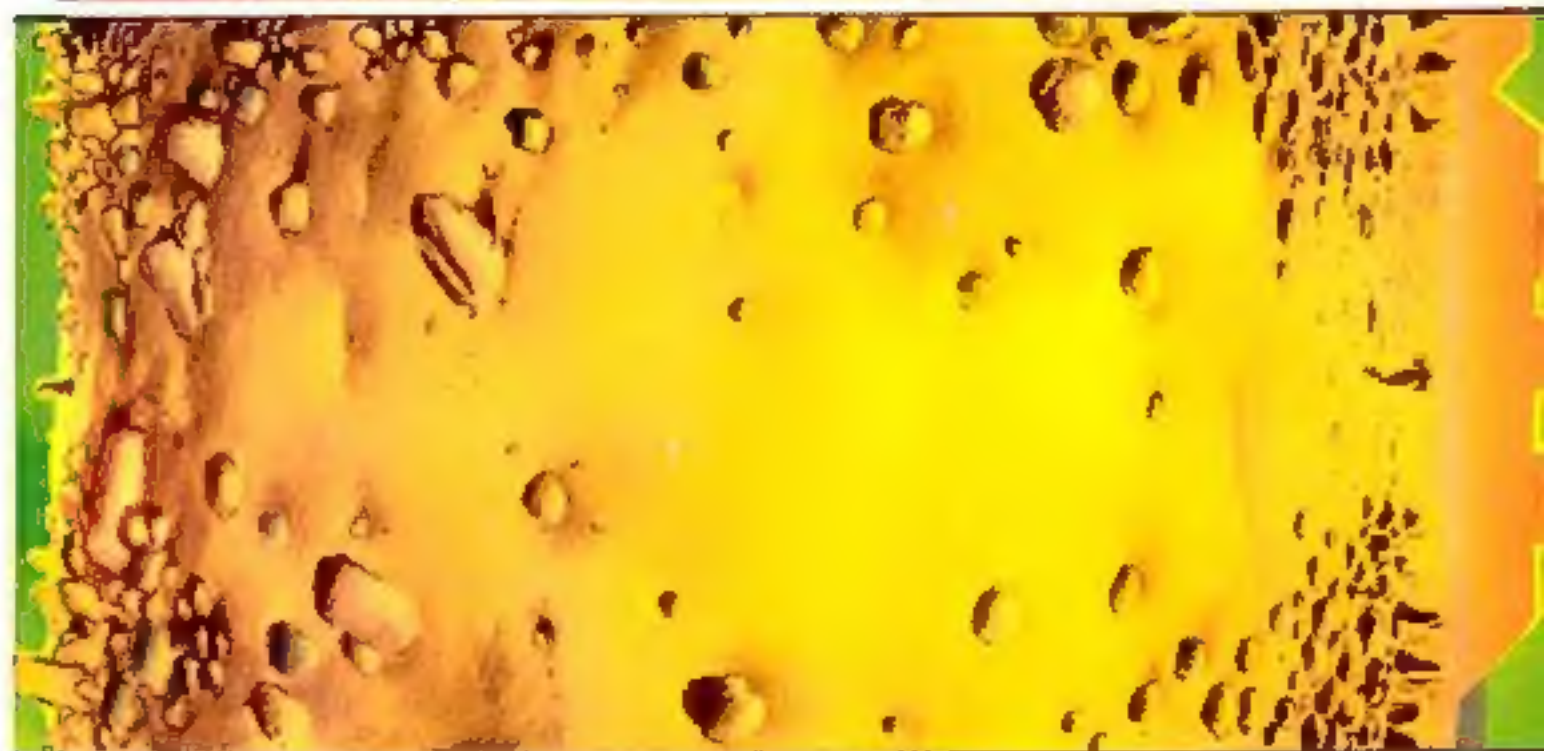


Drank.



And followed her.

I studied the artifact as I passed. I conjectured that it housed machinery that drew water from rocks or the depths of the earth (if this really was Earth). And was powered by solar rays or nuclear energy.



This was the only human I'd seen since I had awakened here. Perhaps I should've confronted her and tried communication. An ominous aura about her discouraged that plan. It was the SOUND!! Why would a sane person travel in this hostile land wearing noisy ornaments which could attract carnivorous beasts. I circled ahead to watch her pass.



The images stirred phantasmic forces in my head and erotic ones in my body.

Surprised at my own reaction, I sat motionless, wondering about what had caused it and what to do next when a shadow crossed me

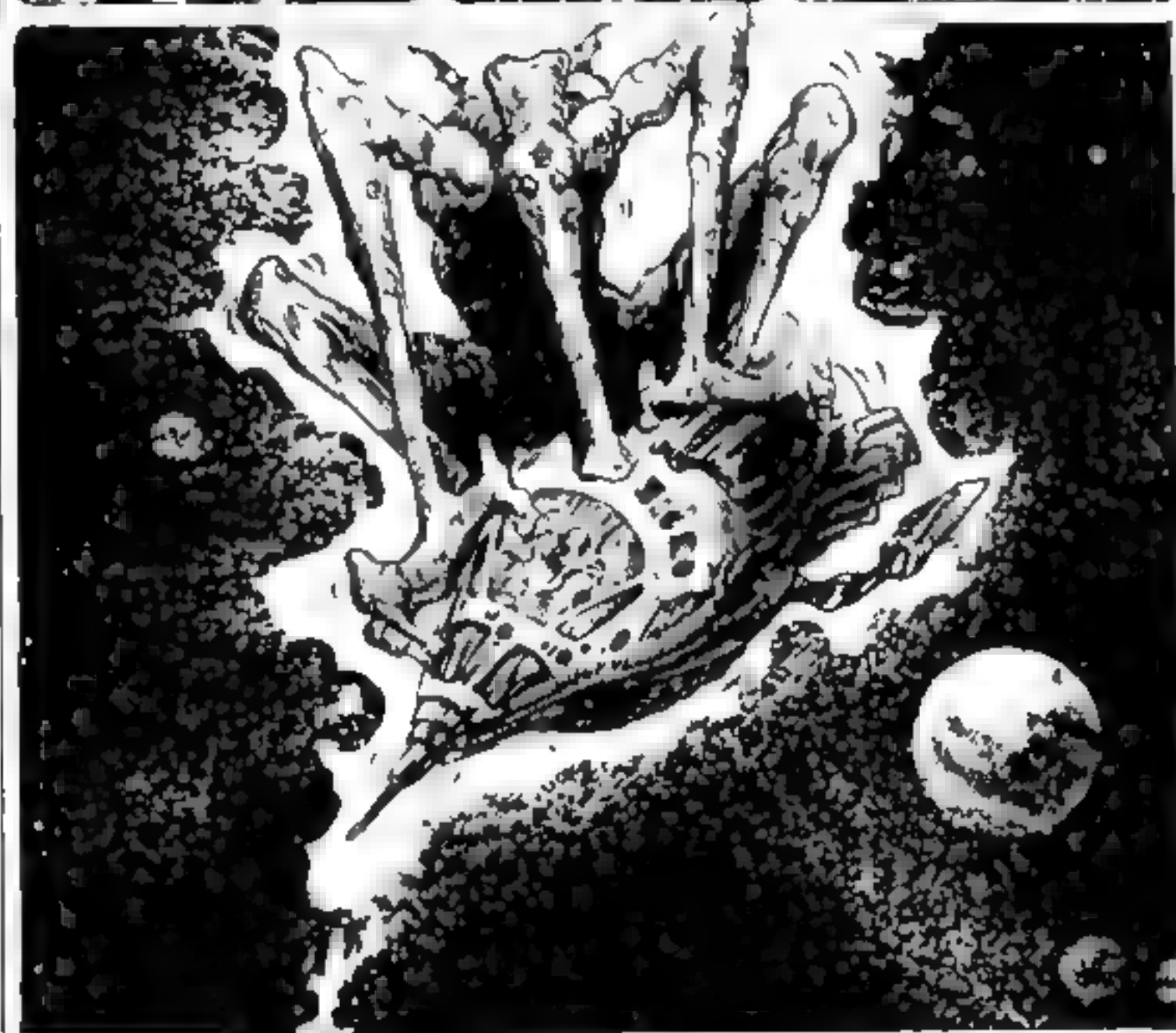


It was the zardman
had seen earlier. Was it a
coincidence that he tra-
veled in this same direc-
tion? I rejected this
thought. He seemed in-
tent upon something.
The girl was suddenly
afraid, not for myself
but for her even though
I didn't know her.

Despite my lack of a
strategy, I resolved to
prevent this beast from
harming the Indians.

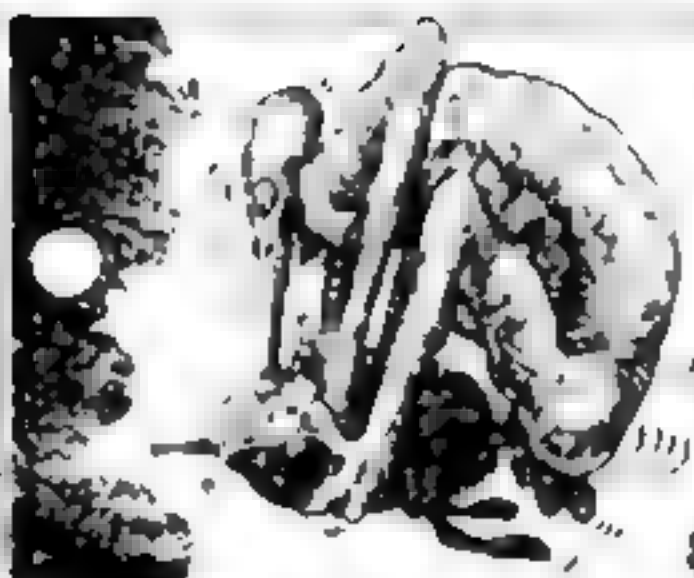


Continued Next Issue





HEY GUYS
HOLD UP! WE
GOT A PROBLEM



HEY GUYS
HOLD UP! WE
GOT A PROBLEM



HEY GUYS
HOLD UP! WE
GOT A PROBLEM



CONQUERING ARMIES

LONG AGO CONQUERING
ARMIES SET OUT TO
VANQUISH THE WORLD



NO ONE KNEW WHO THEY
WERE OR WHEN THEY
CAME ONLY THAT ONE DAY
THEY WOULD BE THERE



SOMETIMES THEY WERE HALTED,
SOMETIMES THEY EVEN
RETRACTED BUT THEY ALWAYS
REAPPEARED

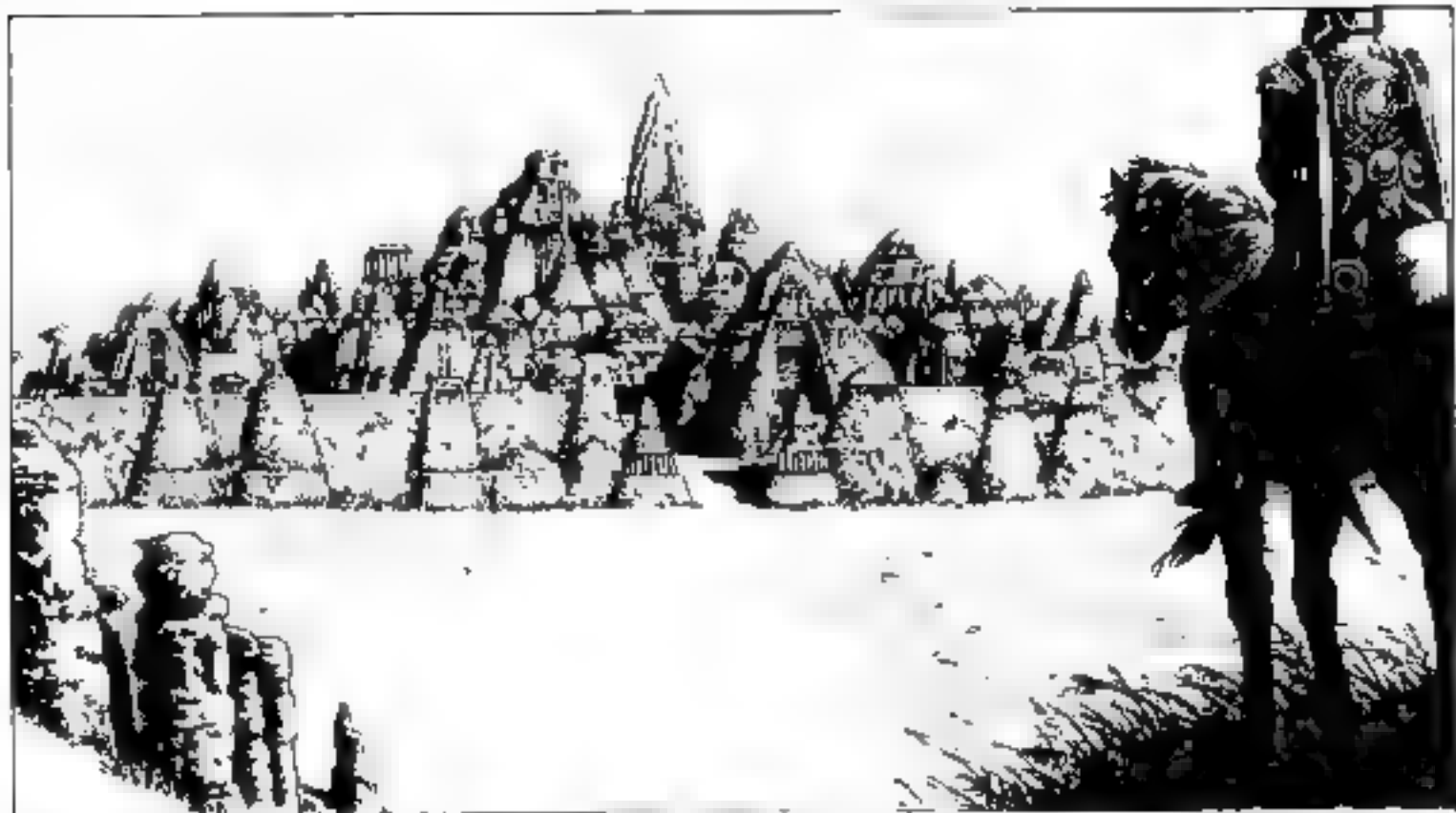


AND THOSE THEY CONQUERED
SWELLED THEIR RANKS.



ONE DAY, THE VANGUARD OF THE
SECOND ARMY ARRIVED BEFORE
AN INLAND CITY





NO ONE NOT EVEN A
GENTRY WHO MIGHT SIGNAL
OUR ADVANCE STILL THIS
TELLS ME NOTHING OF
THEIR PROWESS!

NOR I THE CITY IS STRONG
AND THEY COULD HOLD US IN
CHECK A TRAP
PERHAPS IF

WE
SHALL
SEE



It is a very common mistake to think that the only way to get a good photograph is to use a very expensive camera. In fact, the most important thing is to have a good eye for a good subject. The camera is only a tool, and it is the photographer who makes the difference. A good photograph is one that tells a story, and that is what you should aim for.

There are many ways to take a good photograph. You can use a camera, or you can use your eyes. The most important thing is to have a good eye for a good subject. The camera is only a tool, and it is the photographer who makes the difference. A good photograph is one that tells a story, and that is what you should aim for.

UPON THE HILL BRIGGS
SUMMITTED THE FLAG,
THE BATTLE BEING
BLIND, STIFF AND SILENT,
BECAUSE HE SHOULD
HAVE LIVED TO
CELEBRATE THE
VICTORY WITH
THOSE WHOSE
SHOUTS AND
LIVES HE
HEARD
BELOW.



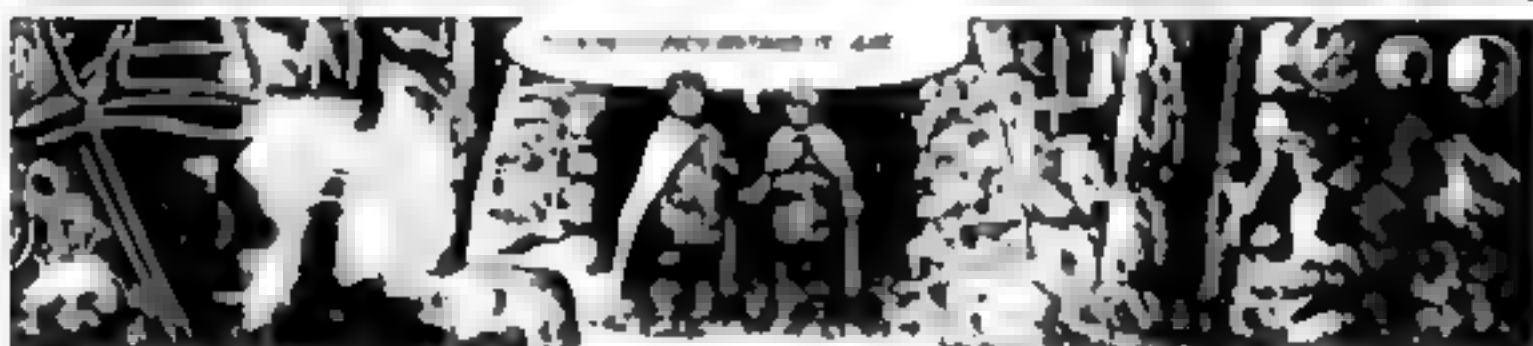
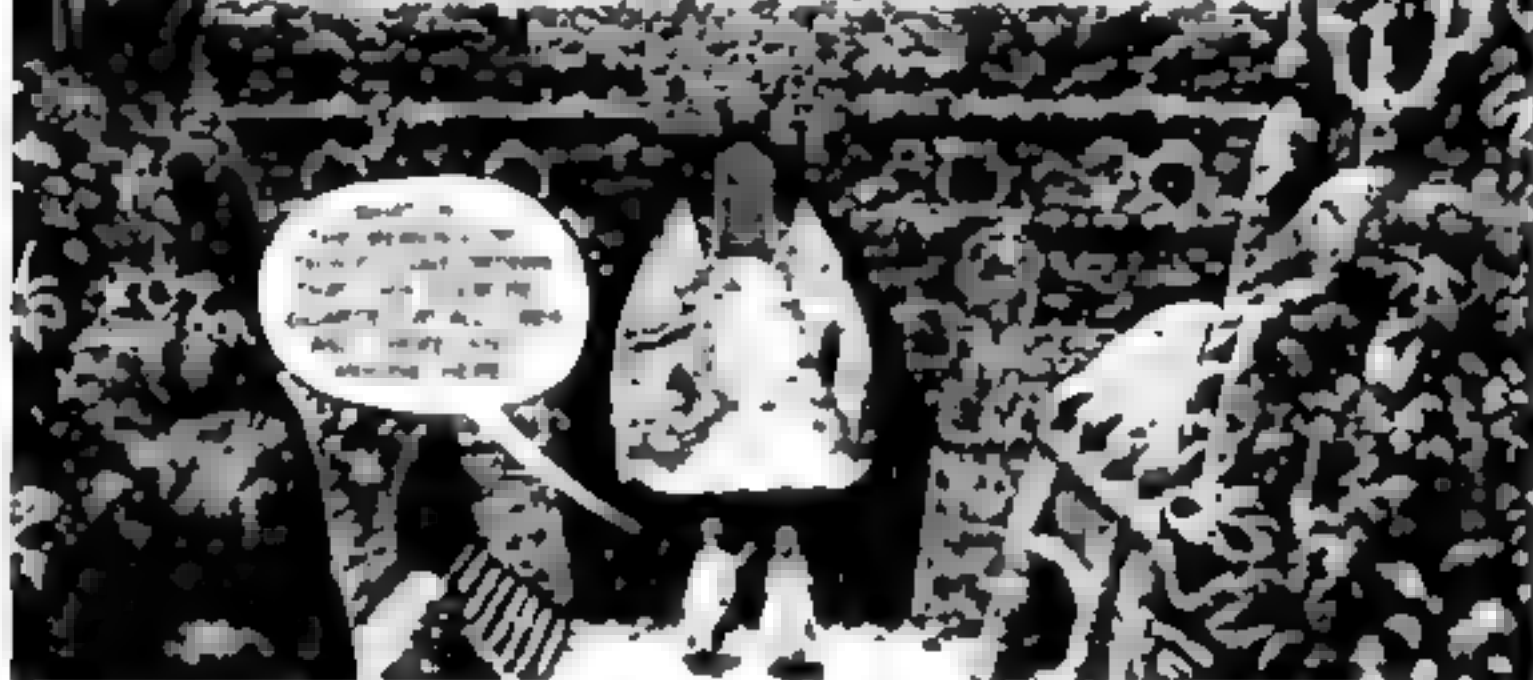
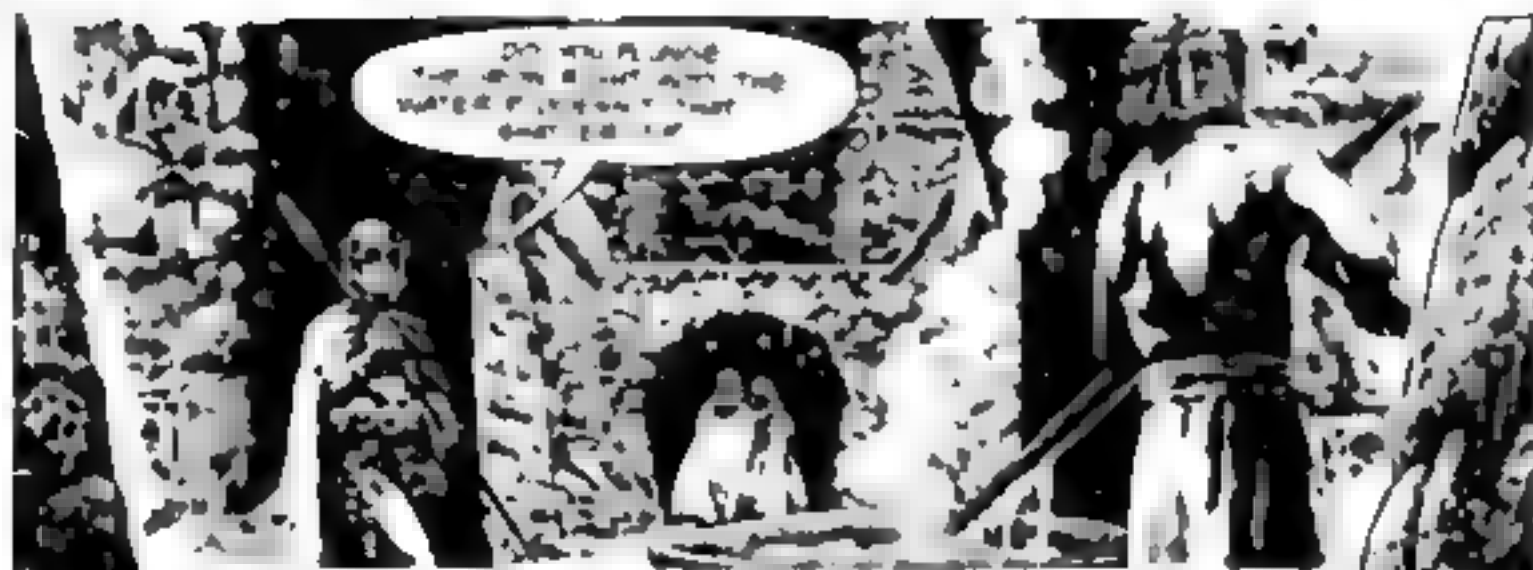
WE HAVE
FORGOTTEN ALL
I HAVE A MIND
TO

LEAVE THEM BE
THEY HAVE
CROSSED THE
DESERT AND HAVE
NOT SEEN THEIR
HOMES FOR A LONG
TIME THEY OUGHT
TO BE ABLE TO
ENTERTAIN
THEMSELVES!















DIE, TRAITOR!

DIE!

DIE!

DIE!

CITY!

YOU WILL NOT GET
ME YOU WILL NOT GET
ANOTHER PERSON
I WILL GO TO MEET
THE ARMY TO PREVENT
THIS !

ABOUT FOUR LEAGUES FROM THE CITY THE SECOND ARMY DISCOVERED FOUR CORPSES DRAWN UP ALONG THE ROAD.



ONE OF THEM WAS THAT OF AN OFFICER



FEARING A TRAP, THE ARMY CHARGED INTO THE CITY, SWORDS DRAWN.



FIN

The Adventures of YRRIS

HERE FOLLOWS THE STORY OF YRRIS, PRINCE
OF THIEVES AND OF HIS ADVENTURE IN THE
LAND OF THE DRAGONS IN THEIR CITY IT WAS
PROVED THAT THE SKILL AND COURAGE OF YRRIS
WERE NO MERE LEGEND







WELL AREN'T ANY
OF YOU TAKEN BY THESE
FINE BEAUTIFUL
CREATURES?



BY THE DEMONS
ARE THERE NO MEN
LEFT IN THE CITY
OF ORIAM?



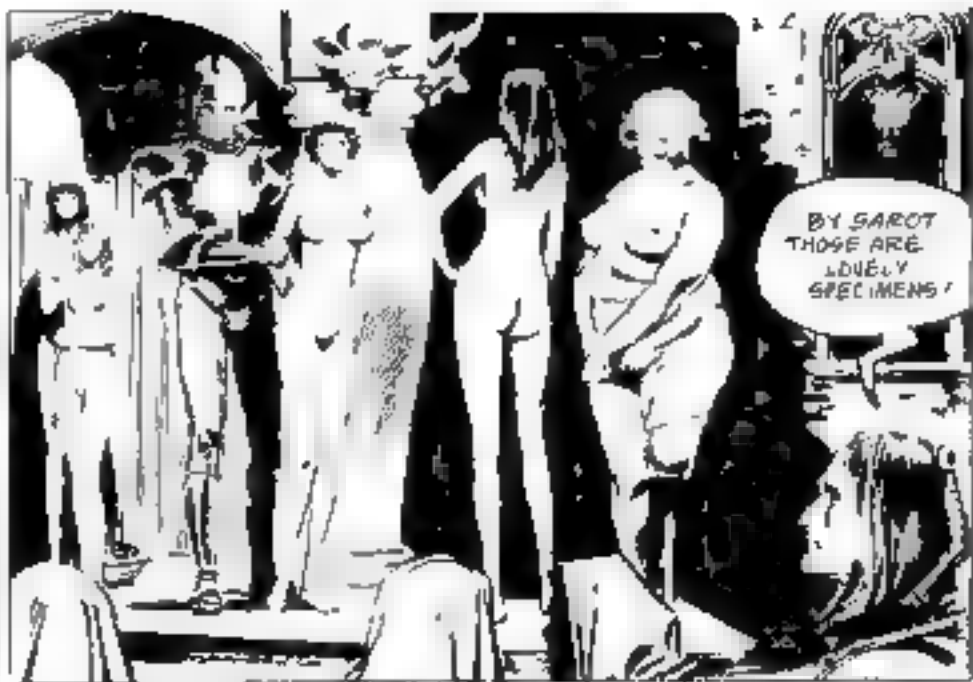
ONLY SIX HUNDRED
GOLD ORIAMS FOR
THE LOT A PITTANCE
COMPARED TO
THE TOYS THEY CAN
OFFER YOU IN
RETURN?



THESE PEOPLE HAVE A
TRULY ODD APPEARANCE
AND THIS SMELL!



BY SAROT
THOSE ARE
LOVELY
SPECIMENS!



HERE IS A YOUNG
LORD WHO CAN
AFFORD THESE
BEAUTIES



HE HAS ALL THE
MONEY HE NEEDS,
DON'T YOU
LITTLE
THEF?

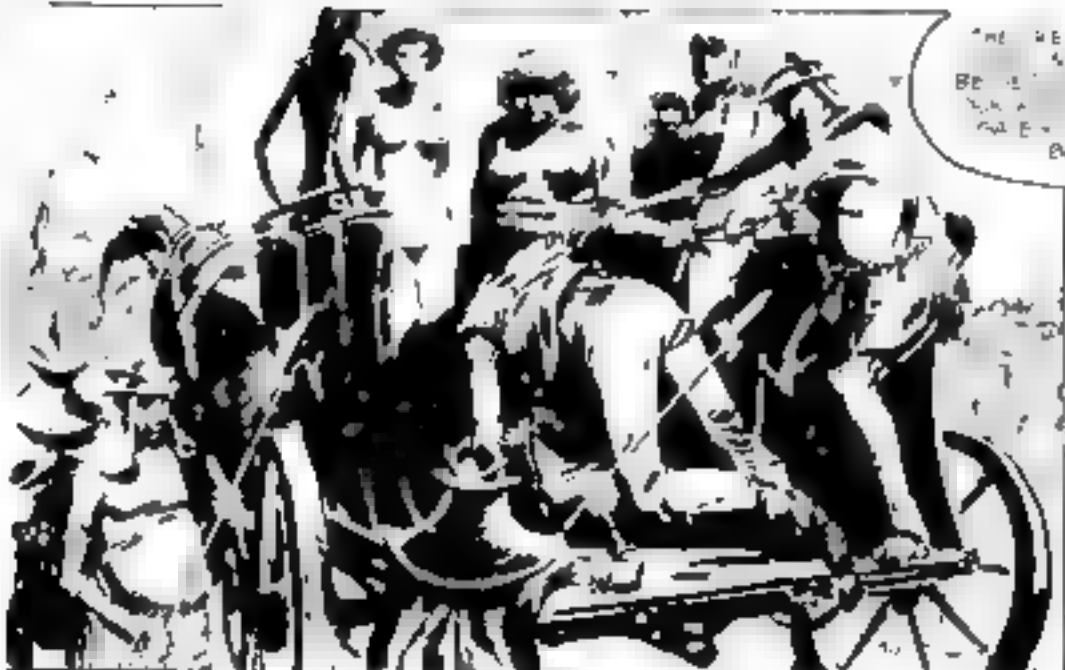
THE
MONEY
YOU'VE JUST
TAKEN FROM
US!

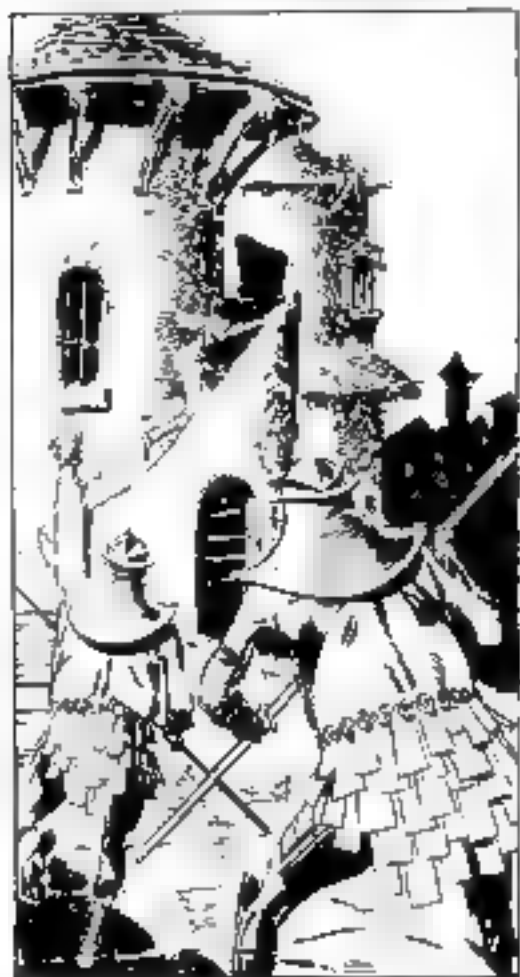
BUT WHAT DOES
MONEY MATTER TO
US? WE HAVE
OTHER PLEASURES



WHAT KIND
OF WASP'S
NEST HAVE I
GOTTEN MY-
SELF INTO?







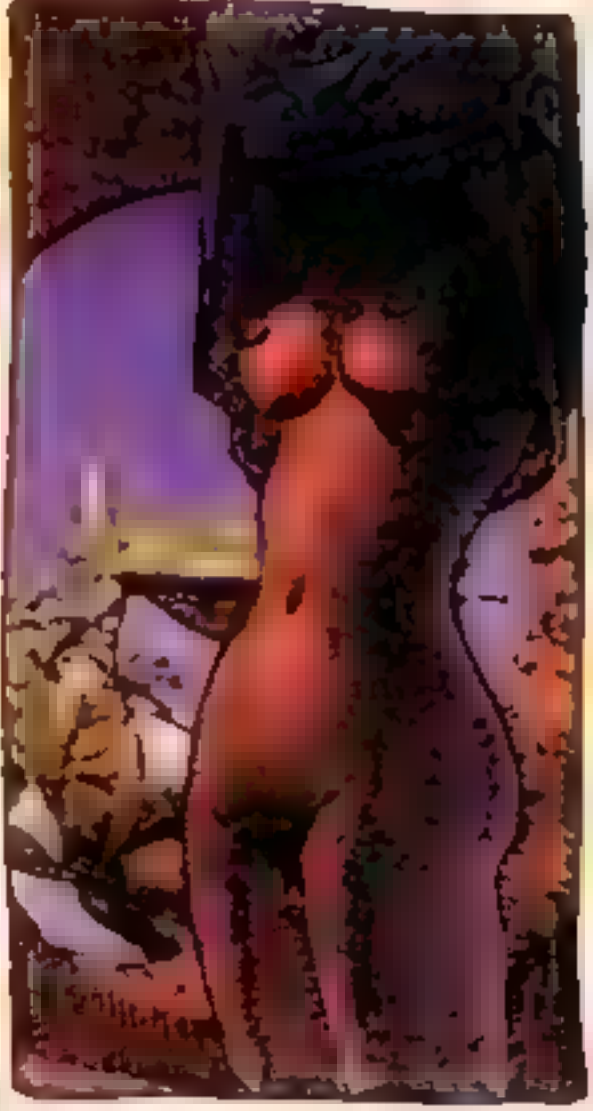




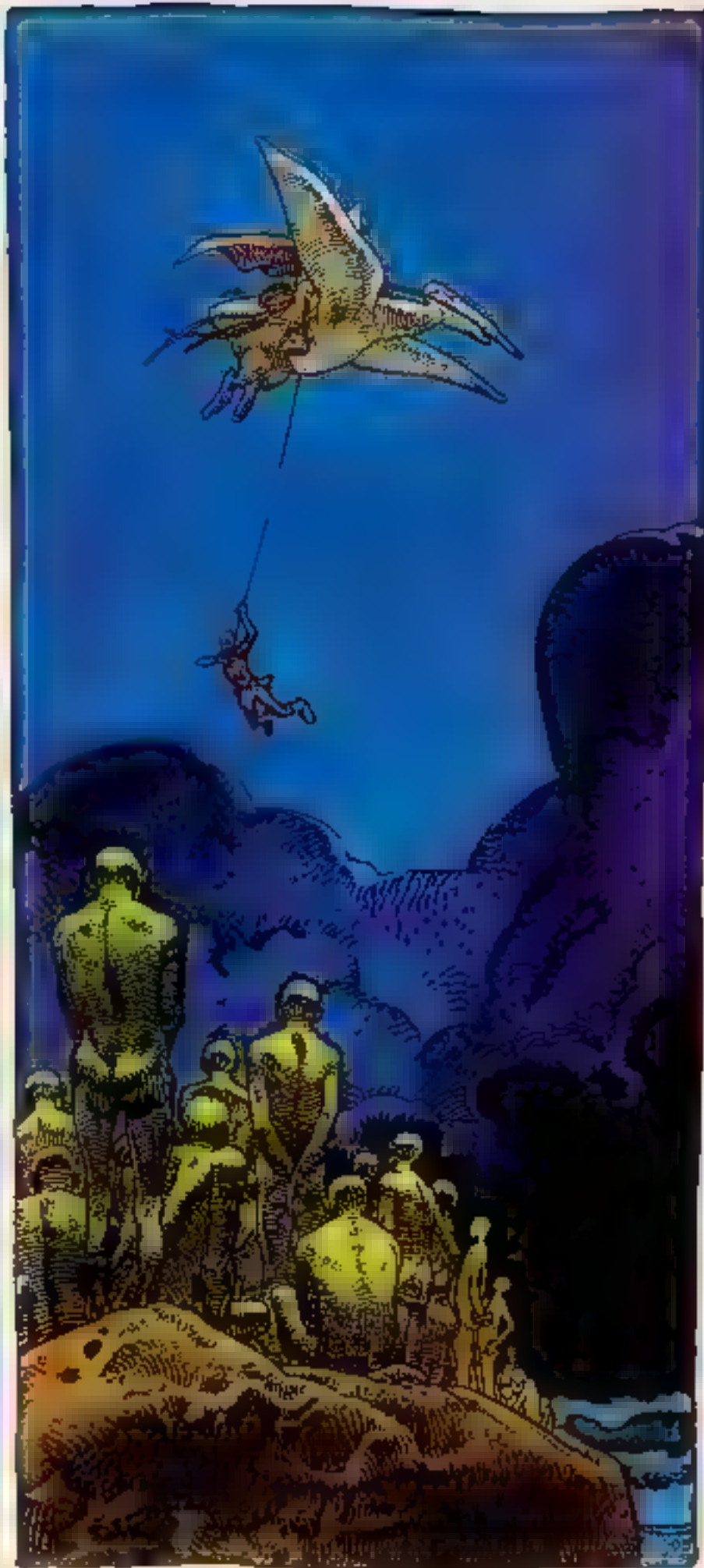
To be continued

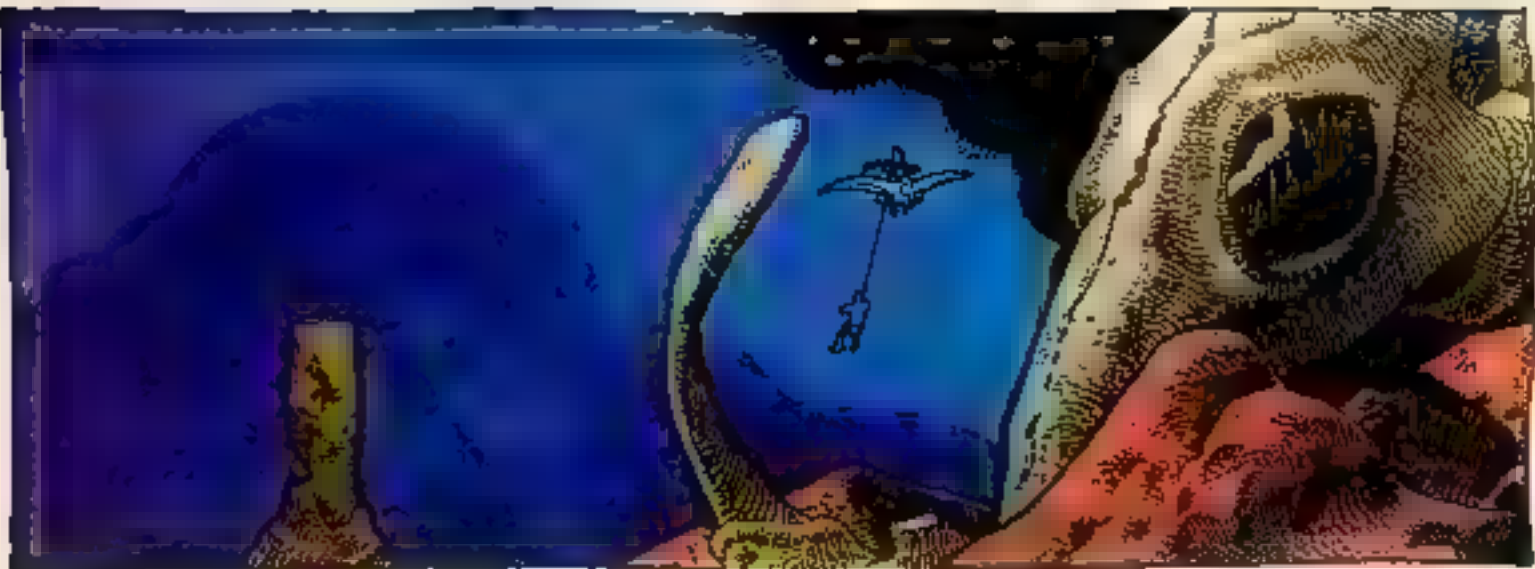
ARZACH



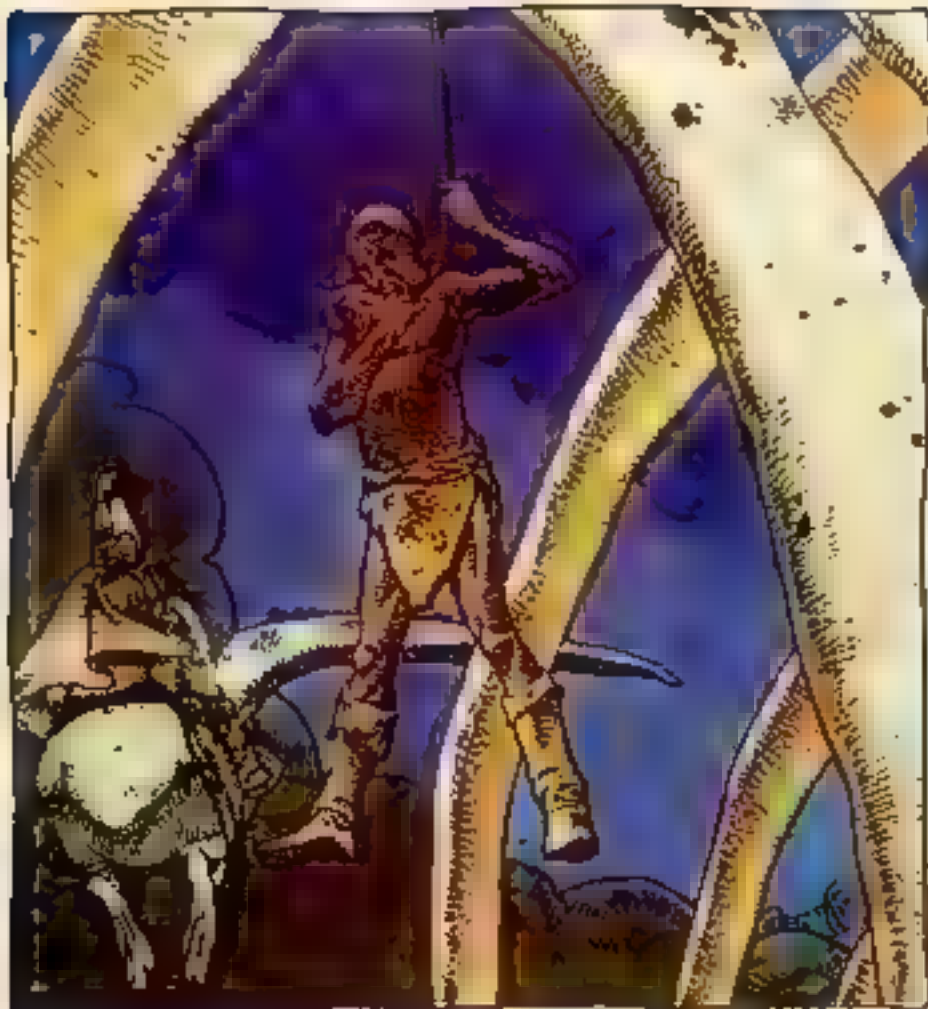


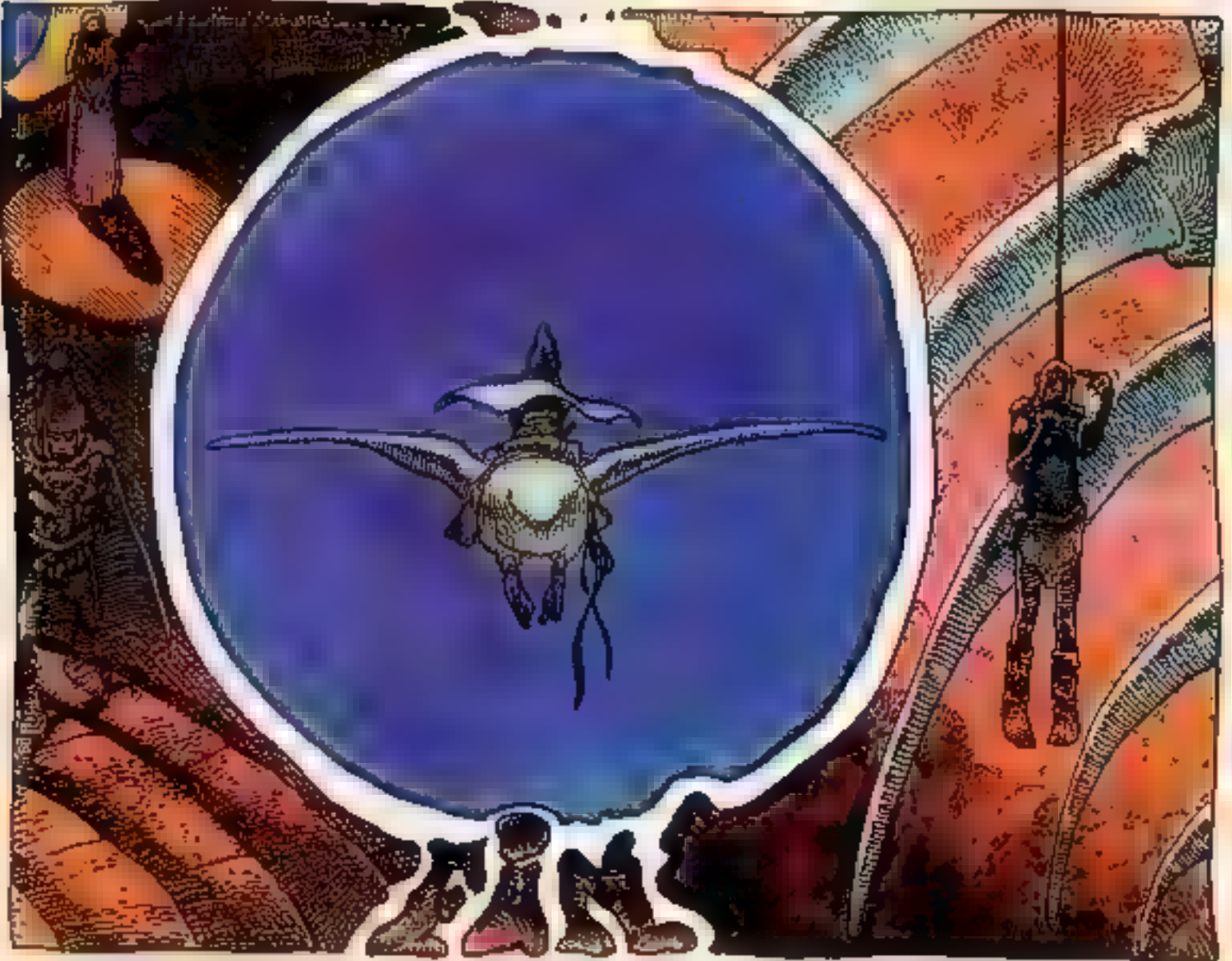
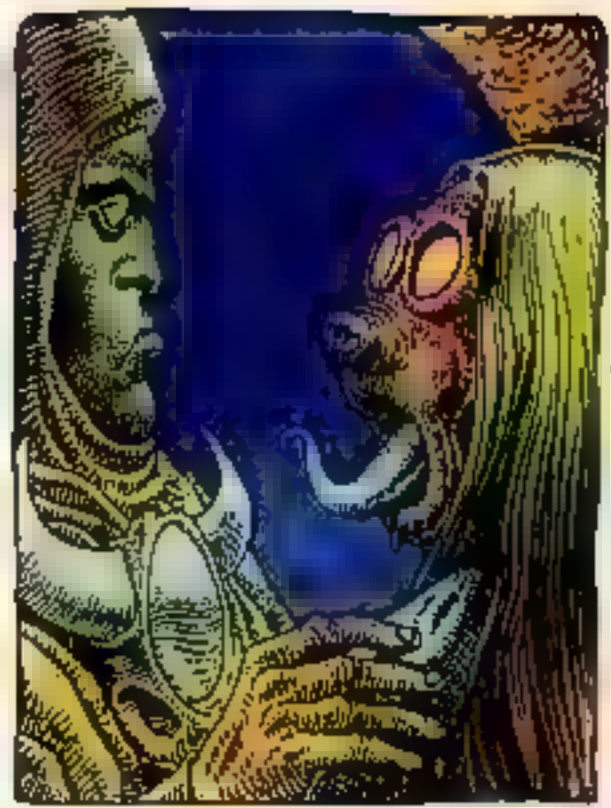






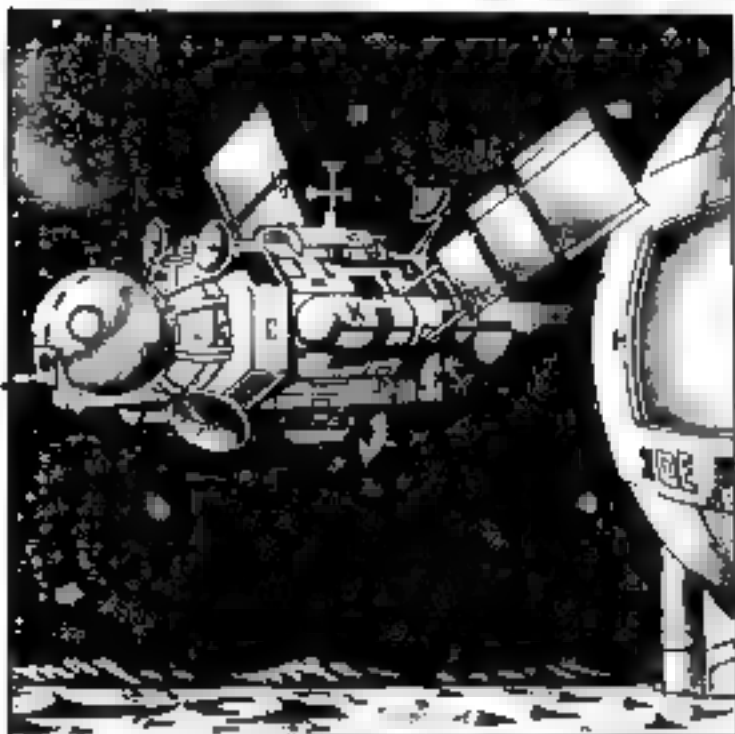
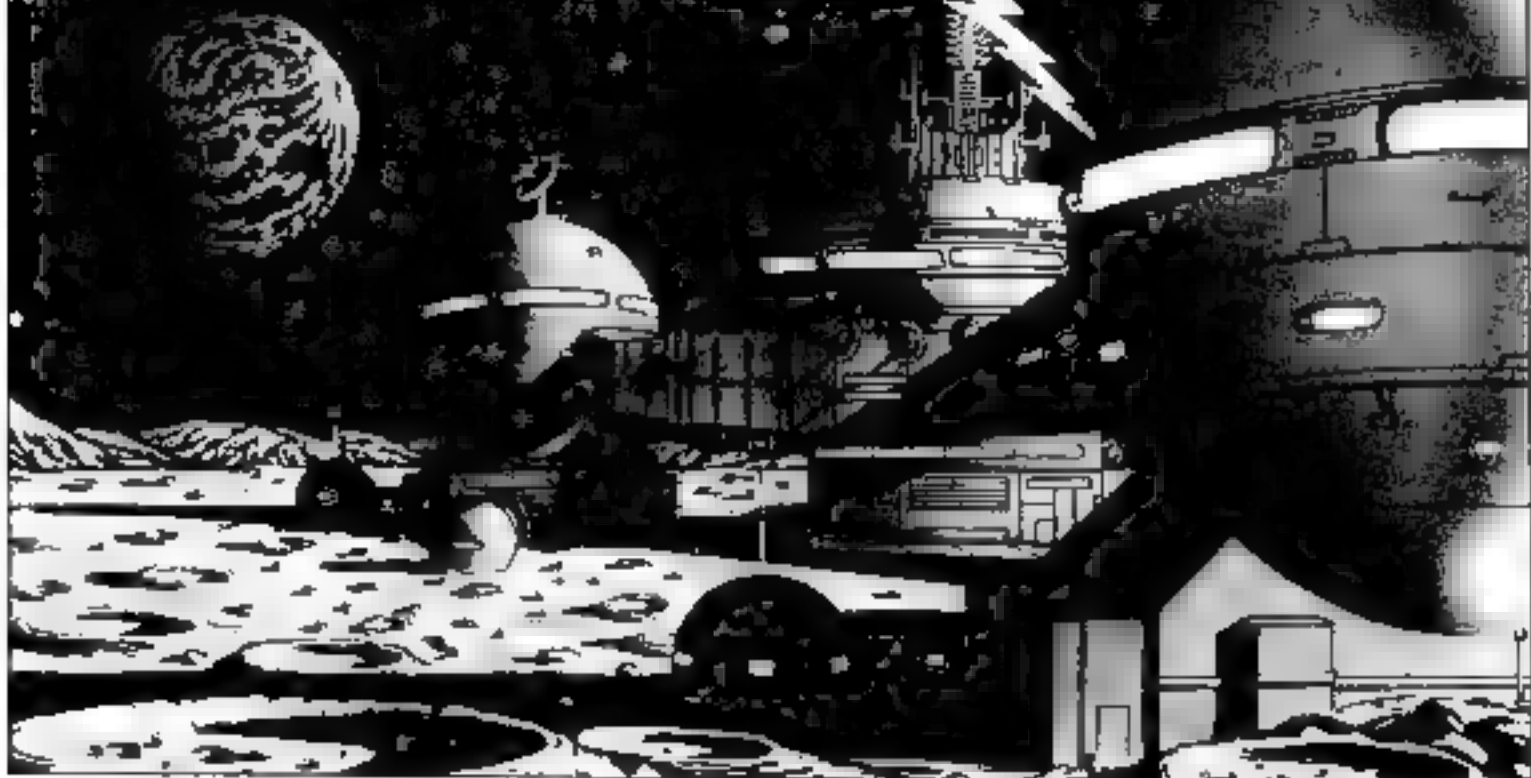






SELENIA

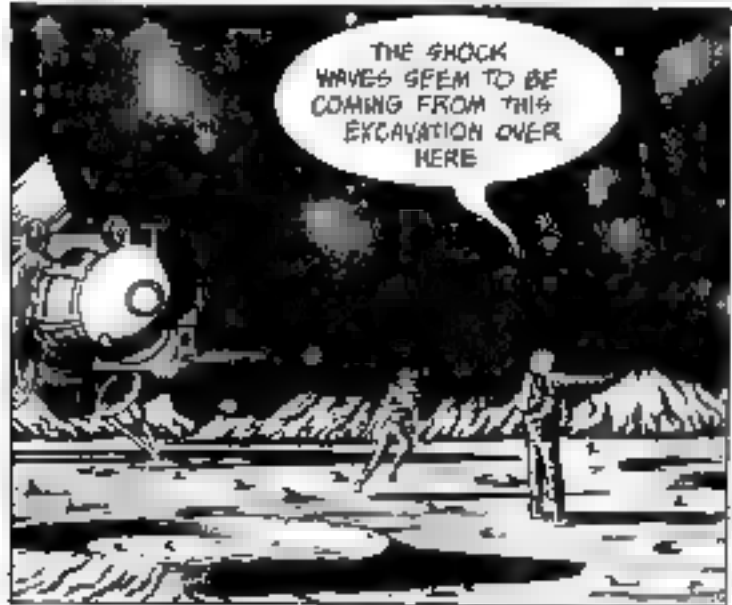
AIR LOCK OPEN FOR
EGRESS OF EXPEDITION
TO COPERNICUS!



I'M NOT HAPPY WITH THIS MISSION.
THIS ISN'T THE FIRST TIME THAT
THEY'VE REGISTERED VIBRATIONS
IN THE ZONE OF THE CRATER
COPERNICUS!

YES BUT THIS
TIME THE INTENSITY OF
THE VIBRATIONS HAS
EXCEEDED SECURITY LEVELS!





THE SHOCK
WAVES SEEM TO BE
COMING FROM THIS
EXCAVATION OVER
HERE



THERE'S
A PIT AT THE
BOTTOM!



REQUEST
PERMISSION TO
DESCEND



PERMISSION
GRANTED!



IT'S AN
ARTIFICIAL PIT AT
LEAST 200 METERS
DEEP!



LOOK!
THERE'S A
DOOR!

OOHMM!

HEY!

WHAM!

WHAM!

THIS FORCE
IS IT'S TAKING
ME HELP!

KIANG!

BUT

SHE HAS
BEEN SUCKED INTO
THE INTERIOR, AND
THIS DOOR IS
IMPOSSIBLE TO
OPEN

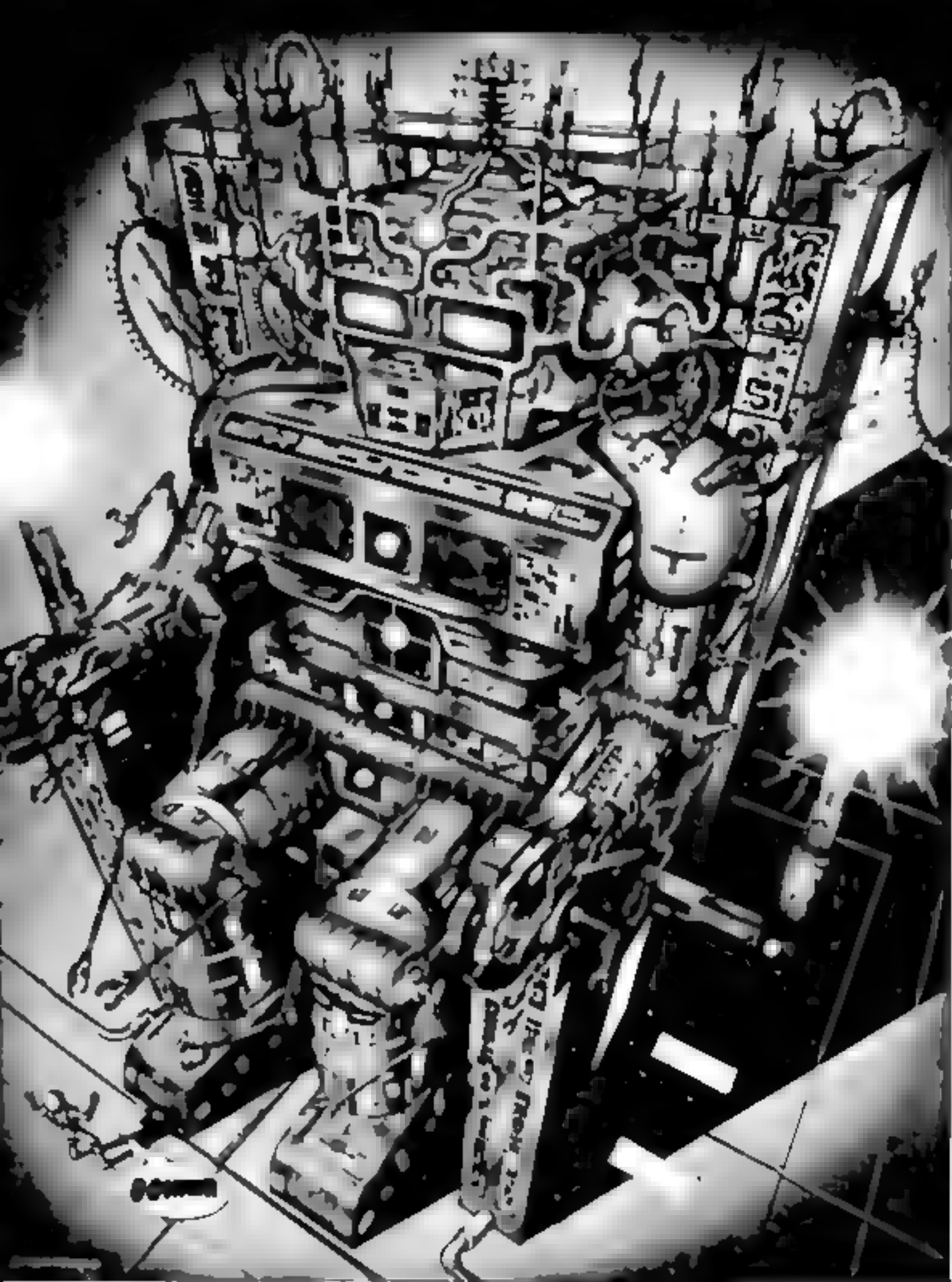
THIS SECTION IS
IRRESISTIBLE WHAT A
STRANGE PLACE PUT HERE FOR
SOME PURPOSE AND ALL THESE
NUMBERS RESOUNDING IN MY
HEAD OH NO OH NO! AHH!
IT'S INHUMAN!

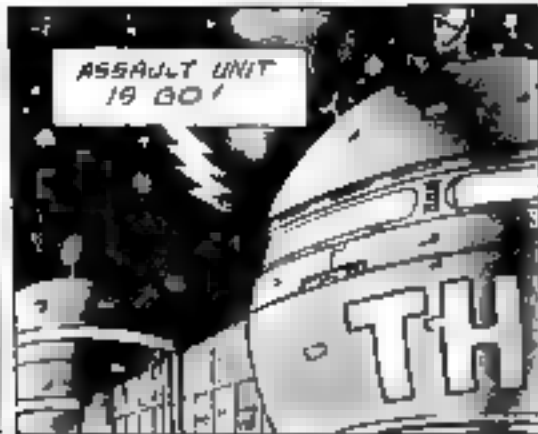
APPEL

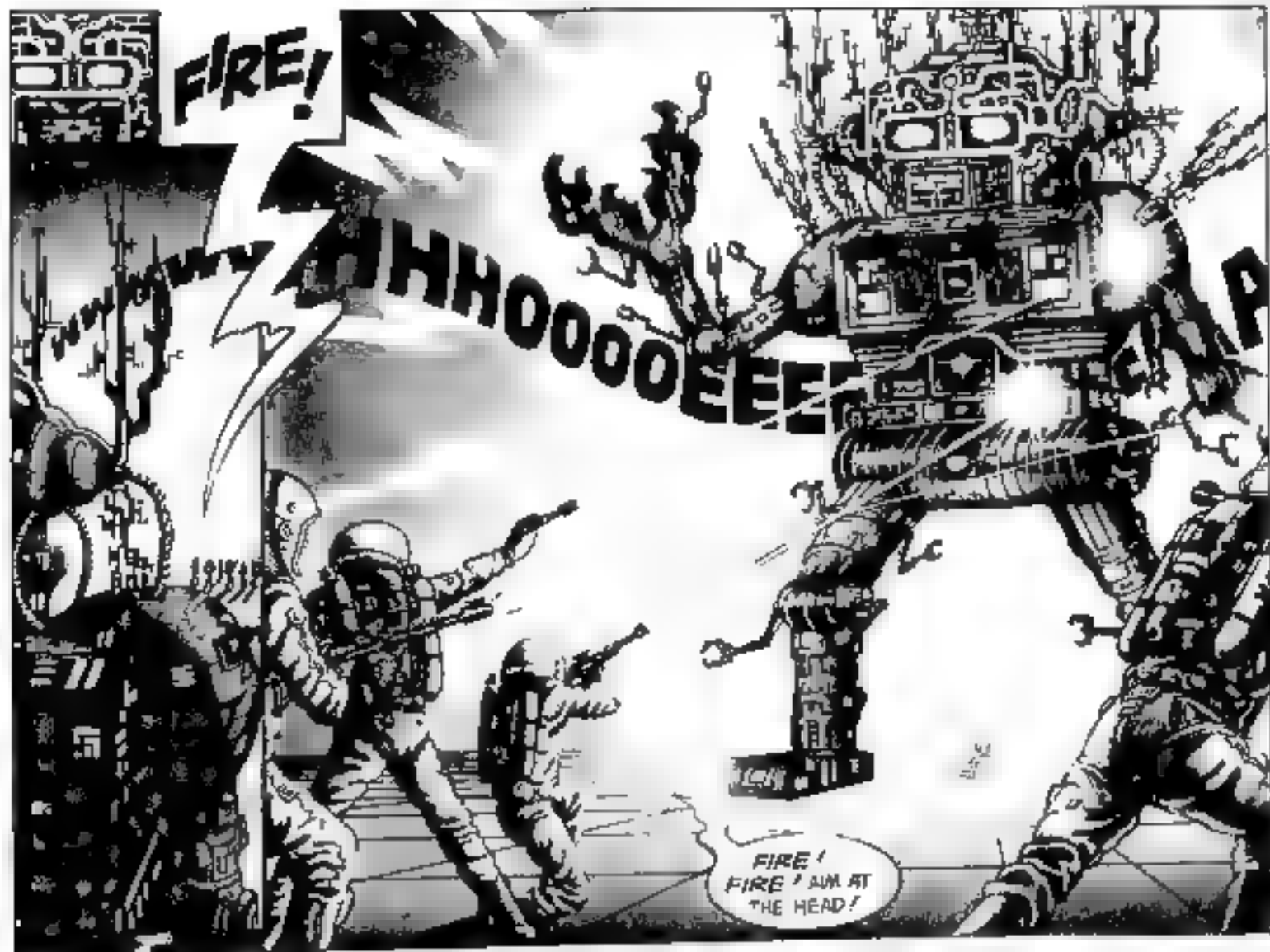
BIP-BIP...

415...256...

VAR GORTAH!









LOOK!
THE ROBOT IS
DEMATERIALIZING!



THERE'S
NOTHING LEFT IT
HAS COMPLETELY
VOLATIZED!



ZONE 415 REPORTING SELENIA REPORTING
I AM RELAY STATION 415-C IN THE PLANETARY
SYSTEM, INSTALLED A THOUSAND MILLION YEARS
AGO BY THE GALACTIC CONFEDERATION
I AM PROGRAMMED TO ASSURE THE CONTROL
OF THE INTERGALACTIC COMMUNICATION CIRCUITS
OF THE LUNAR SATELLITE



ENERGIZING TRANSMISSION 912 .. UNTIL NOW THESE
CIRCUITS WERE GUARDED BY VAR GOR TAH, FIFTH
GENERATION ROBOT, STATIONED HERE BY THE
CONFEDERATION A MILLION YEARS AGO SELENIA
PERMITTED YOUR ARRIVAL AND THE DESTRUCTION OF
THE PRESENT GUARDIAN ACCORDING TO CODE 24 OF
THE CONFEDERATION THE TERMINALS OF THE
GALACTIC NETWORK MUST BE ADAPTED TO
THE CONDITIONS OF THAT PLANET THIS IS WHY
THE HUMANS OF PLANET 3, WHO HAVE CONQUERED
THE MOON, MUST BE MADE TERMINALS

AAHH!
THIS IS
UNBEARABLE!



SEVEN OF YOU HAVE BEEN CHOSEN FOR THIS MISSION YOU MUST FUNCTION HERE UNTIL THE HUMANS OF YOUR PLANET HAVE BEEN REPLACED



FIVE OF OUR MEN HAVE BEEN SUCKED AWAY AND OUTSIDE AND WE HAVE BEEN CORNERED BY THIS FORCE FIELD, WE ARE PRISONERS!



THIS FORCE HAS US SURROUNDED!

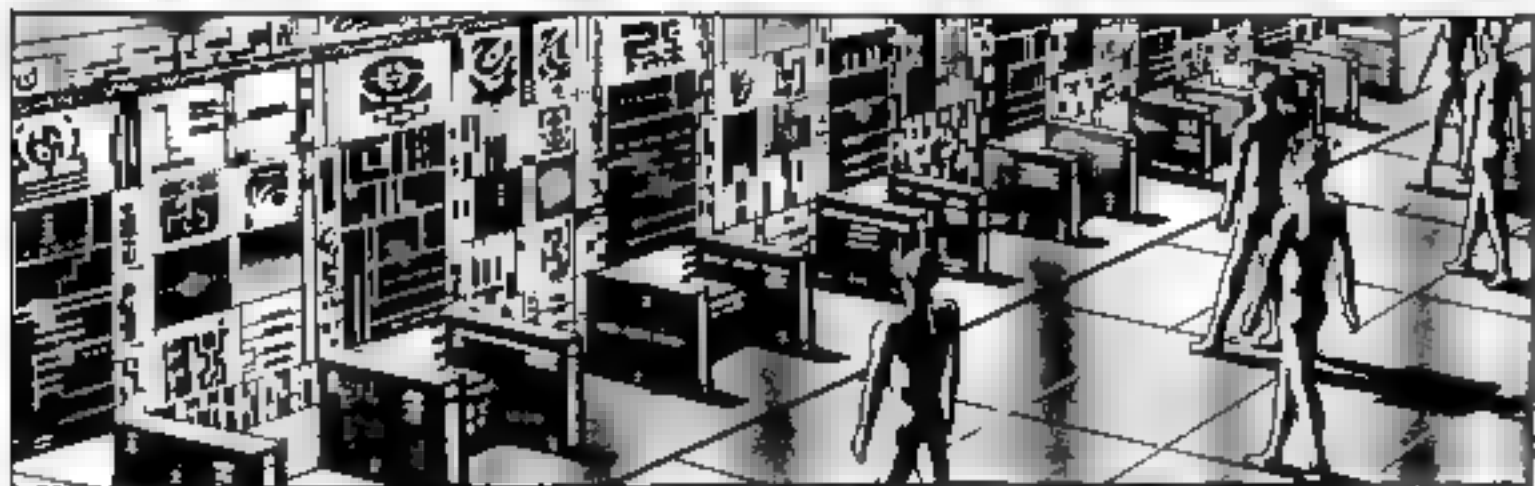
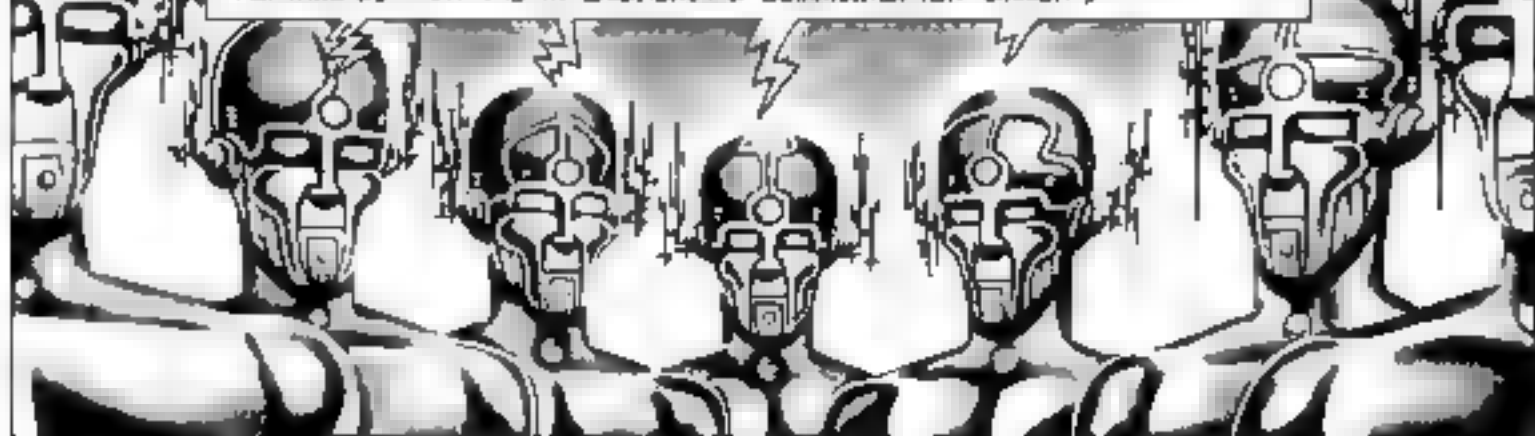


LOOK!
MY HAND IS
TURNING INTO
METAL

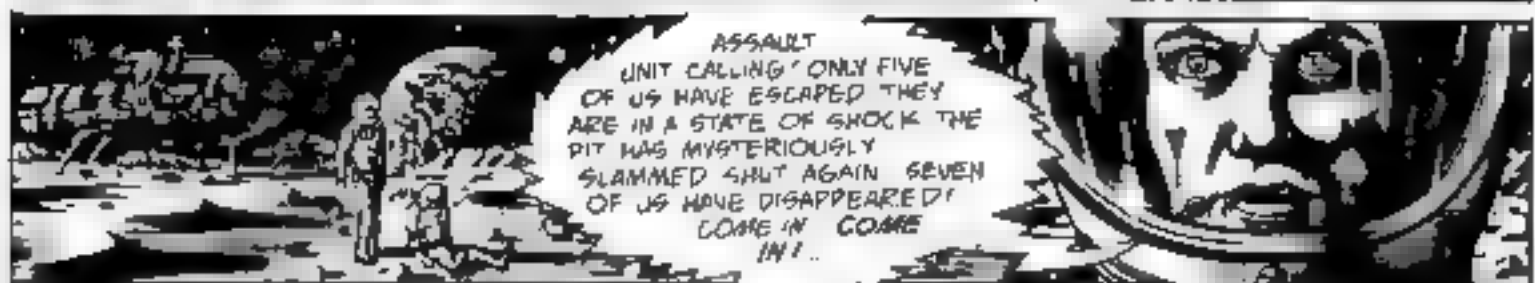


WE HAVE BEEN
CAUGHT IN A TRAP
BZZZ ZZZ
TZZZNNNG ZZZZZ

YOU SEVEN NUMBERS 7171 4321 9415 4421 7315. 8721 AND 1731 ROBOTS OF THE FOURTH GENERATION YOUR HUMANOID CIRCUITS ARE IN THE PROCESS OF RESTRUCTURATION YOU ARE NOW IN THE PROCESS OF INITIAL PROGRAMMING YOUR WORK IS FINISHED AMONG HUMANS YOUR PRERECORDED PSYCHIC CIRCUITS WILL INTERFERE WITH YOUR NEW SELENA PROGRAMMING YOUR MEMORIES ARE BEING REACTIVATED FOR YOUR FIRST MISSION AS LUNAR TERMINALS FOR THE INTERGALACTIC COMMUNICATION CIRCUITS



PROGRAMMING
OF THE HUMANOID
CIRCUITS
COMPLETE



ASSAULT
UNIT CALLING 'ONLY FIVE
OF US HAVE ESCAPED THEY
ARE IN A STATE OF SHOCK THE
PIT WAS MYSTERIOUSLY
SLAMMED SHUT AGAIN SEVEN
OF US HAVE DISAPPEARED!
COME IN COME
IN!..





Noble companions beset by sorcerers and monsters, on their quest for a magical sword in another universe. It's a quarter of a million words long. Frank Herbert, author of the *Dune* trilogy, calls it "a marvelous fantasy trip." Lester del Rey says it's "very special in every way."

Heavy Metal is proud to present its world premier—a preview of the epic fantasy which is predicted to be the biggest cult book since Tolkien.

These illustrations and others, by the brothers Hildebrandt, are also from the book, which will be published in hardcover and as a Ballantine paperback in April.

The Sword of Shannara

By Terry Brooks

Menion Fleah had not found the last leg of the journey to the Ash quite so simple. When he first awoke he had become separated from the two Valerion guards. He was not at all to his himself, but he feared he was worse than the other two. He sat up and the first thing he must shoulder Black Oaks, the one had a lead hopelessly about the thing. Menion about it he had to do his voice was taken. But in the end he was forced to admit to himself that the search was useless under such conditions. He sighed, he pushed in through the woods in what he believed he was going to do. He was now alone, considering himself a step closer to the point that he was now into the others in the daylight. He was in the forest a long time, but he had an unusual break in the forest, dawn and dawn. The edge of the forest, and though he did not know it then, he had emerged at a point south of the sleeping brothers. But his time his endurance had been pushed to the limit and sleep came over him in quick. But he could not remember anything at all of the day, rather light, the night of falling as he collapsed in the all it was a day. It seemed to him that he slept a very long time, but in fact he awakened only several hours later. Sheah and Fleah had begun the journey toward the Silver River. He knew that he was a considerable distance south of the point the group had been making it while in the Black Oaks. Menion quickly rose to his feet and ran in a crouch across the forest, his companions before reaching the forest. He did not find them by that time, he knew he would be confronted with the unpleasant Mr. Habitu, but they were still in the entangled region of the woods.

Hurriedly, the highlander strapped on his light pack, shouldered the great ash bow and the sword. Leah and began to march rapidly northward. The few hours of afternoon daylight

remaining disappeared quickly as he walked, his sharp eyes scanning carefully for any sign of human passage. It was almost dusk when he finally picked up the signs of someone traveling in the direction of the Silver River. He found the trail to be several hours old and he could be reasonably certain that there was more than one person. But there was no way to tell who the travelers were. So Menion pushed on hurriedly in the half light of dusk, hoping to catch them when they stopped for the night. He knew that the Skull Bearers would also be searching for them, but brushed his fears aside, remembering

that there was no reason to connect him with the Valemen. In any event, it was a calculated risk he had to take if he expected to be of any service to his friends.

Shortly thereafter, just before the sun dropped behind the horizon completely, Menion caught sight of a figure in the east of him traveling in the opposite direction. Menion quickly called out to the other, who seemed startled by the highlander's sudden appearance and tried to move away from him. Menion quickly took up the chase, running after the frightened traveler and calling to him that he meant no harm. After several

minutes he caught the man, who turned out to be a peddler selling cooking ware to outlying villages and families in these lowlands. The peddler, a bent, timid individual who had been frightened badly by the unexpected pursuit, was now thoroughly terrified by the sight of the tall, sword-bearing highlander facing him at nightfall in the middle of nowhere. Menion hastily explained that he meant no harm, but was looking for two friends from whom he had become separated while traveling through the Black Oaks. This proved to be the worst thing he could have told the idle man, who was now

thoroughly convinced the stranger was insane. Menion considered telling him that he was the Prince of Leah, but quickly discarded that idea. In the end, the peddler revealed to him that he had seen two travelers fitting the general description of the Valemen from a distance earlier in the afternoon. Menion could not tell if the man had told him that much for fear of his life or to humor him, but he accepted the tale and had good evening to the little man, who was obviously delighted to be let off so easily, and made a hasty escape southward into the uncertain darkness of evening.

Menion was forced to admit to himself that it was now too dark to attempt to follow the trail of his friends, so he cast about for a likely campsite. He found a pair of large pines that appeared to be the best shelter available and he moved into them, glancing anxiously at the clear night sky. There was sufficient light to enable a prowling Northland creature to find any camped travelers with relative ease, and he inwardly prayed that his friends had sense enough to pick a carefully hidden spot to spend the night. He tossed down his own pack and weapons beneath one of the spreading pines and crawled under the shelter of its low-hanging branches. Famished from the past two days' journey, he devoured the last of his supplies, thinking as he did so that the Valemen would be faced with the same food shortage in the days ahead. Grumbling aloud at the bad luck that had separated them, he reluctantly wrapped himself in his light blanket and was quickly asleep, the great sword of Leah unsheathed at his side, gleaming dully in the moonlight.

Unaware of the events that had transpired that night while he slept soundly several miles south of the Silver River, Menion awoke the next day with a new plan in mind. If he could cut across country, traveling northeast, he could catch up with the Valemen much more easily. He was certain that they would be following the edge of the Silver River as it wound its way eastward into the Anar Forests, so their paths had to cross farther up river. Abandoning the false traces of the man left the previous day, Menion began to journey across the lowlands in an easterly direction, thinking to himself that if he did not come across some sign of them upriver when he reached the water's edge, he could double back downstream. He also entertained hopes of lighting some small game that would provide meat for the evening meal. He whistled and sang to himself as he walked, his lean face relaxed and cheerful at the prospect of a reunion with his lost comrades. He could even picture the solid disbelief an old Flick's stern face at the sight of his return. He walked easily with long, loping strides that covered the ground quickly and evenly, the swinging, measured step of the experienced woodsman and hunter.

As he traveled, his thoughts drifted back to the events of the past several days, and he pondered the significance of all that had transpired. He knew little about the history of the Great Wars and the reign of the Druid Council, the mysterious appearance of the so-called Warlock Lord and his defeat by the combined might of three nations. Most disturbing of all was his almost total lack of knowledge of the legend behind the Sword of Shannara, the fabled weapon that for so many years had been a watchword symbolic of freedom through courage. Now it was the birthright of an unknown orphan, half man, half elf. The thought was so preposterous that he still found it impossible to conceive of Shea in that role. He knew instinctively that something was missing from the picture, something so basic to the whole puzzle of the great Sword that, without knowing what it was, the three friends were so many windblown leaves.

Menion also knew that he was a part of this adventure for the sake of friendship alone. Flick had been right about that. Even now he was unsure exactly why he had been persuaded to undertake this journey. He knew he was less than a Prince of Leah should be. He knew that his interest in people had not been deep enough, and he had never really wanted to know them. He had never tried to understand the important prob-



Continued on page 78

lets of governing, only in a society where the monarch's word was the only law. Yet he felt that in his own way he was as good as any man alive. Shea believed he was a man in he looked up to. Perhaps so, he thought idly, but his life to date appeared to consist of one long line of harrowing experiences and wild escapades that had served little or no constructive purpose.

The smooth, grass-covered lowlands changed to rough, barren ground, rising abruptly in small hills and dropping sharply into steep, trenchlike valleys that made travel slow and almost hazardous in places. Menion looked anxiously ahead for some indication of more level terrain, but it was impossible to see very far, even from the top of the steep rises. He plodded on, deliberately and steadily ignoring the roughness of the ground and silently berating his decision to come that way. His mind wandered briefly, then suddenly snapped back as he caught the sound of a human voice. He listened intently for several seconds, but could hear nothing further and dismissed

as the wind or his imagination. A moment later he heard it again, only this time it was the clear sound of a woman's voice, singing softly somewhere ahead of him, faint and low. He walked more quickly, wondering if his ears were playing tricks on him, but at the time hearing the woman's mellow voice grow louder. Soon the mysterious sound of her singing filled the air in a gay, almost wild abandon that reach into the innermost depths of the highlander's mind, blinding him in shadow, to be as free as the song itself. Almost in a trance he walked steadily on, smiling broadly at the images the happy song conjured up in him. Vaguely, he wondered what a woman would be doing in these bleak lowlands, miles from any kind of civilization, but the song seemed to dispel all his doubts in its warm assurance that it came from the heart.

Looking tree on the barren face

loose ground about his feet opened even as he paused.

the knots which bound him, severing them in places, but the work was slow because they were wound so tightly about his ankles that he could not risk broad strokes. Sudden panic set in as he realized he could not get free in time, but he forced the feeling down and shouted his defiance at the giant, which by now was almost on top of him. Swinging in fury as it came within reach, he quickly severed a number of the clutching limbs and it withdrew slightly, its whole frame shuddering in pain. Menion knew that with its next approach he had to strike its nerve center if he expected to destroy it. But the strange tree had other ideas, coiling its limbs into itself. It thrust them toward the imprisoned traveler one at a time, showering him with the tiny needles that flew off the ends. Many of them moved altogether and some bounced harmlessly off his heavy tunic and boots. But others struck the exposed skin of his hands and head and embedded themselves with soul-singing sensations. Menion tried to brush them off, while protecting himself from further assault, but the little needles broke off, leaving their tips embedded in his skin. He felt a kind of slow awesomeness begin to seal over him and portions of his nervous system began to go numb. He realized at once that the needles contained some sort of drug that was designed to put the plant's victim to sleep, to render it helpless for easy disposition. Wildly, he fought the feeling seeping through his system, but soon dropped helplessly to his knees, unable to fight it knowing that the tree had won.

But amazingly, the deadly tree appeared to hesitate and then to inch slightly backward, coiling again in attack. Slow, heavy footsteps sounded behind the fallen prince, approaching cautiously. He could not turn his head to see who it was, and a deep bass voice warned him abruptly to remain motionless. The tree coiled expectantly to strike, but an instant before it released its deadly needles it was struck with shattering impact by a huge mace that flew over the shoulder of the fallen Menion. The strange tree was completely toppled by the blow. Obviously injured, it struggled to raise itself and fight back behind him. Menion heard the sharp release of a bow-string and a long black arrow embedded itself deep within the plant's neck trunk. Immediately the roots about his feet released their grip and sank into the earth and the main portion of the tree shuddered violently, limbs thrashing the air and showering needles in all directions. A moment later, it drooped slowly to the earth. With a final spasm, it lay motionless.

Still heavily drugged from the needles, Menion felt the strong hands of his rescuer grip his shoulders roughly and force him into a prone position while a broad hunting knife severed the few remaining strands binding his feet. The figure before him was a powerfully built Dwarf, dressed in the green and brown woodsman's clothing worn by most of the race. He was all but a Dwarf, a little over five feet, and carried a small arsenal of weapons bound about his broad waist. He looked down at the drugged Menion and shook his head dubiously.

"You must be a stranger to do a dumb thing like that," he reprimanded, the other in his deep bass voice. "Nobody with any sense plays around with the Sirens."

"I am from Leah—to the west," Menion managed to gasp out, his voice thick and strange to his own ears.

"A highlander. I might have known." The Dwarf laughed heartily to himself. "You'd have to be. I suppose. Well, don't worry, you'll be fine in a few days. That drug won't kill you if we get it treated, but you'll be out for a while."

He laughed again and turned to retrieve his mace. Menion, with his final ounce of strength, grasped him by the tunic.

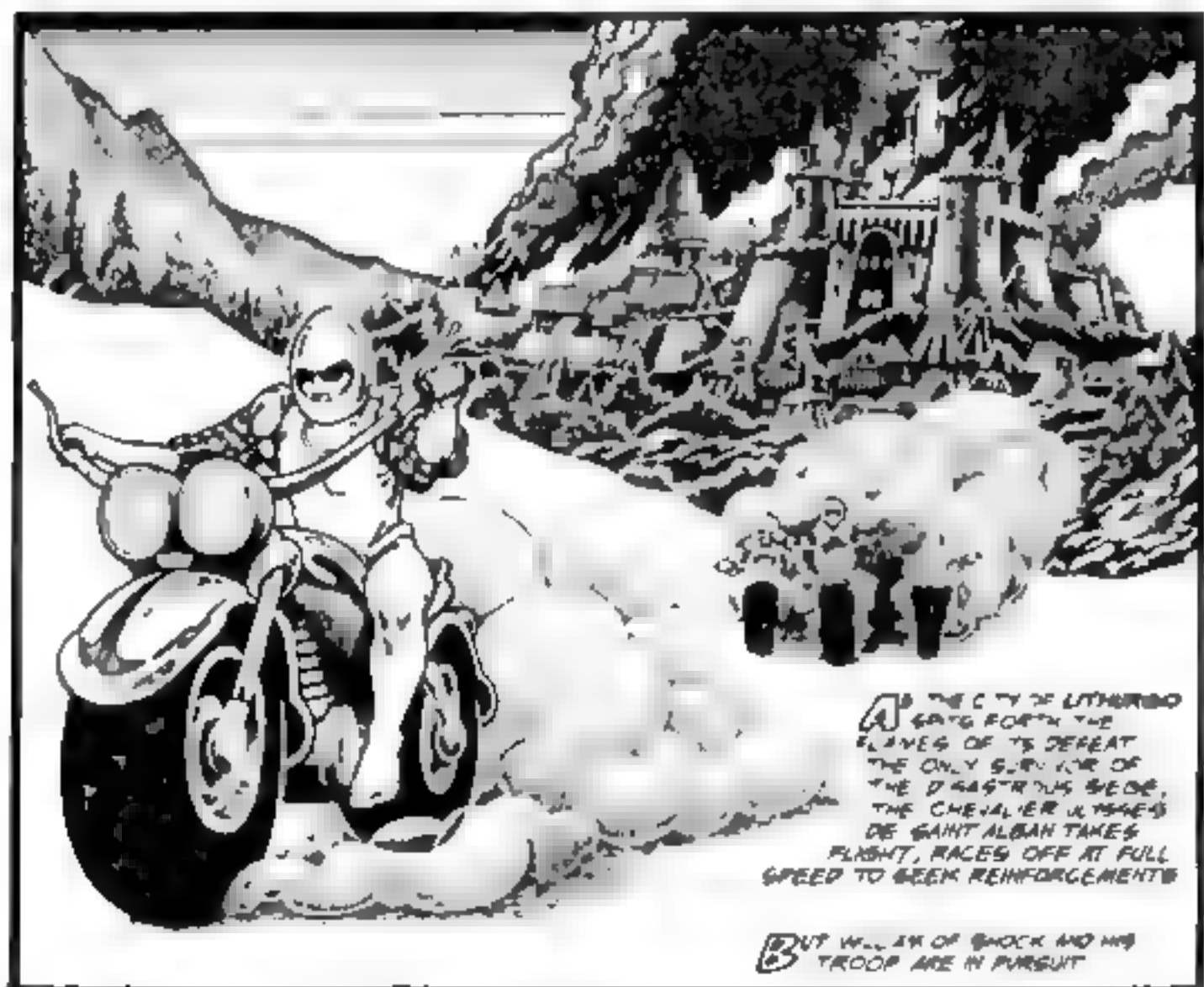
"I must reach the Anor-Culhaven," he gasped sharply. "Take me to Kulinar."

The Dwarf looked back at him sharply, but Menion had passed into unconsciousness. Muttering to himself, the Dwarf

then, with surprising strength, he heaved the limp form of Menion over his broad shoulders, testing the load for balance. Satisfied at last that all was in place, he began trudging steadily, muttering all the while, moving toward the forests of the Anor.



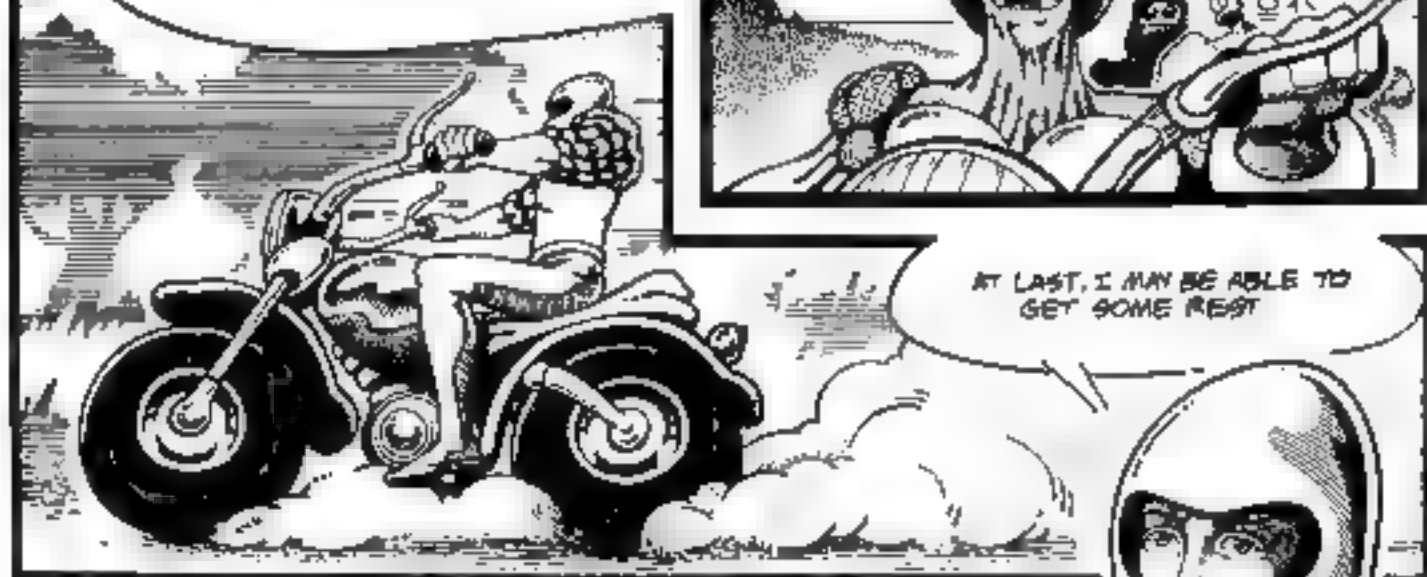
ARTIST MOUCHEL
 WRITER PAULINE PIERSON
 PAGES 1066



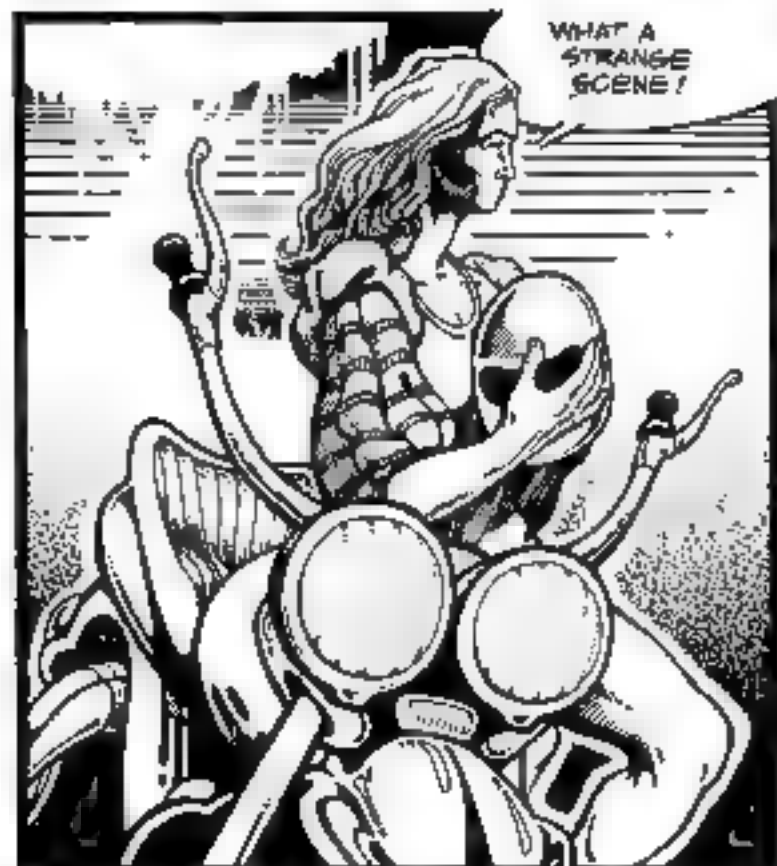
BY THE HORNS OF BEELZEBUS WE'LL
GO NO FURTHER! HE HAS SIGNED HIS
OWN DEATH WARRANT BY PENETRATING
THE ACCURSED WALLS OF
TRAUMWACH!



AT LAST, I MAY BE ABLE TO
GET SOME REST



WHAT A
STRANGE
SCENE!





SAINLY ALBAN SAVES THE WINGED
MAIDEN FROM THE WAVES



A HELPING HAND REACHES
TOWARD THEM



.. A MAN OF AN ALARMING AND QUARRELSOME
ASPECT INTRODUCES HIMSELF TO ULYSSES

**BARON VON
EIFERSUCHT!**

I AM GRATEFUL FOR YOUR VALOR,
STRANGER, BUT NOW, LEAVE US ALONE!



I COMMAND YOU
TO LEAVE
IMMEDIATELY!



SURE YOU ARE
MAD!!





TAKING ADVANTAGE OF HIS WEAKNESS, THE ANGEL RECAPTURES ITS PREY.

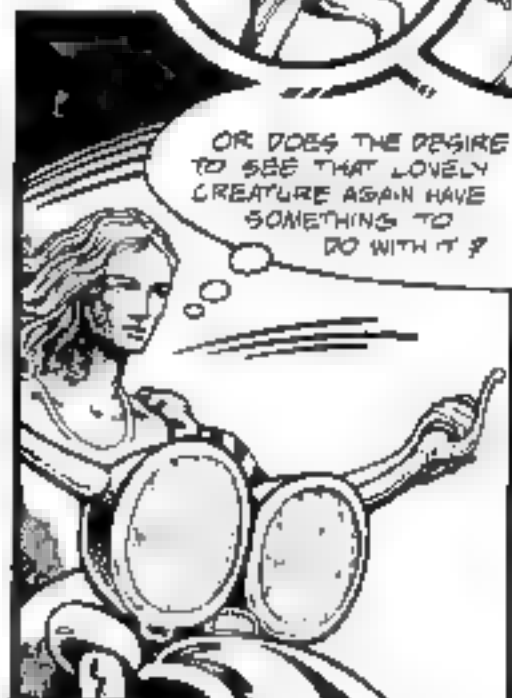


THE TRAITOR HAS TAKEN ME BY SURPRISE!

HE WILL ANGER TO ME!



IS IT RAGE THAT DRIVES ME?



OR DOES THE DESIRE TO SEE THAT LOVELY CREATURE AGAIN HAVE SOMETHING TO DO WITH IT?

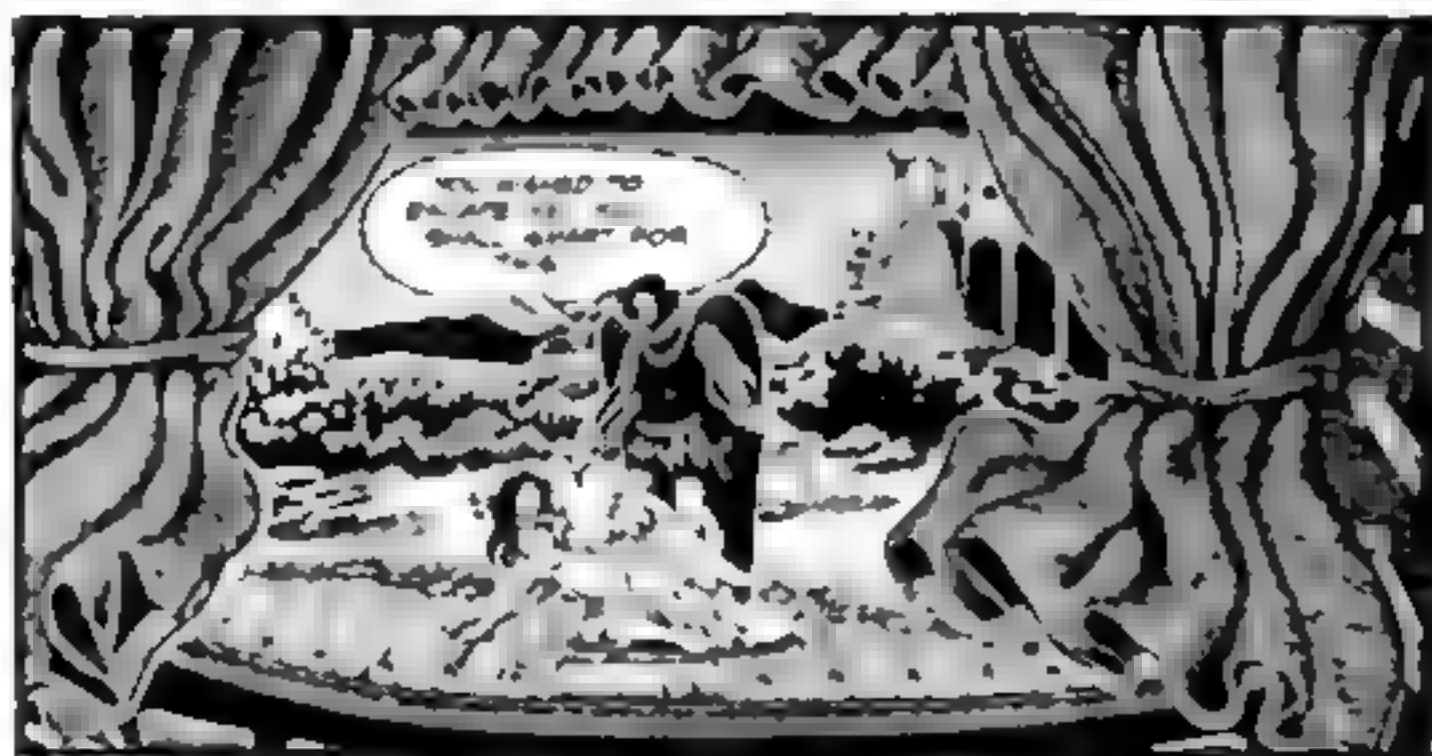


I AM LOSING SIGHT OF THEM

A BASTARD'S BLOOD
APPEARS IN HISTORY
ON MAGNIFICENT LAND



AT THE SAME MOMENT ON THE
STAGE OF THE THEATRE OF
COLONIAL PRODUCTIONS



HOW DO YOU
FEEL ABOUT THE
NEW SHOW?
C. P. YOUR



DO YOU WANT
TO BE A PART OF
THE SHOW?





MAY GOD DECIDE
BETWEEN US

S-RES. I BEG YOU
SHED NO BLOOD
FOR ME!

STAY OUT OF
MY WAY I
TELL YOU!



STAND ASIDE!

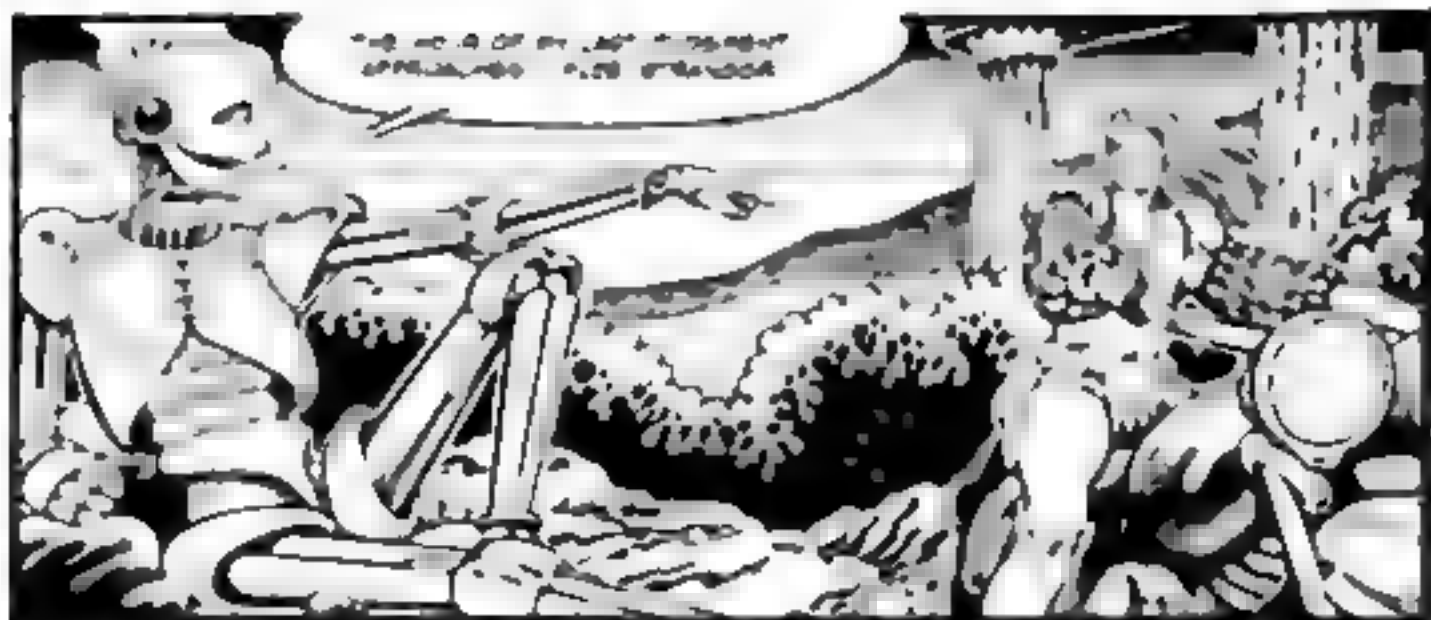
AHH!



LYSANDER
I AM SLAIN!

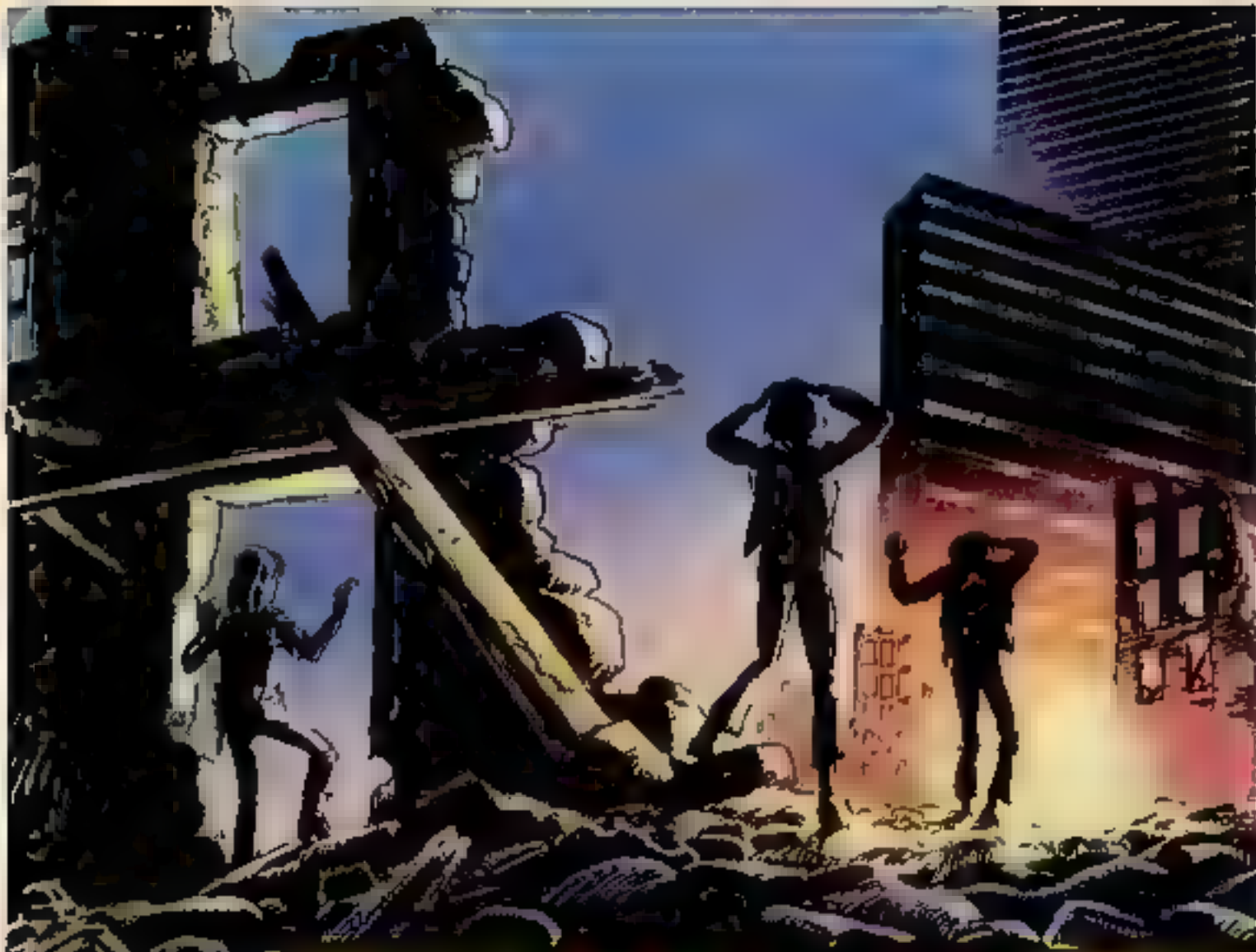






WITH A "TWO-BE" CASH TRANSACTION HE MANAGED TO CAPTURE ONE OF THE GHOST VESSELS OF THE ETERNAL CONFLICT BETWEEN GOOD AND EVIL





SPACE PUNKS

IT HAD TO HAPPEN! I REMEMBER THE NIGHT THEY NAILED THE GANG!
THE SKITSY APPACHES WERE STUPID ENOUGH TO GET NABBED BY
A PATROL IN THE NORTHERN INSECURITY ZONE WHERE WE'D GONE TO
COP OUR STASH OF NUTRO-TABS IN THE HANGAR OF THE OLD MILITARY
ASTROPORT! NEW ALBERTA WAS KEEPING AN EYE ON HER BORDERS.



WE WERE DUE FOR A LONG
STRETCH IN THE SLAMMER!

BUT IN HIS DECISION, BECAUSE WE
WERE JUST KIDS, THE SUPREME
CABER COUNSELOR OFFERED
US A DEAL: TEN YEARS IN REFORM
SCHOOL, OR A FIFTEEN-YEAR
HITCH IN THE COMMANDOS OF
THE SPACE LEGION. MY PALE
TURNED HIM DOWN FLAT, BUT I
JUMPED AT THE CHANCE AND
SIGNED UP.

THE NEXT DAY I WAS
TRANSFERRED TO THE
TERRESTRIAL FORCES
TRAINING DEPOT.



AT FIRST, IT WASN'T EASY
BUT I LEARNED FAST
THAT I'D BEEN SCREWING
UP MY OWN LIFE. THINGS
WERE CHANGING, AND
LITTLE BY LITTLE THE
INSECURITY SOME PUNK
STARTED TO BECOME A
REAL SOLDIER.

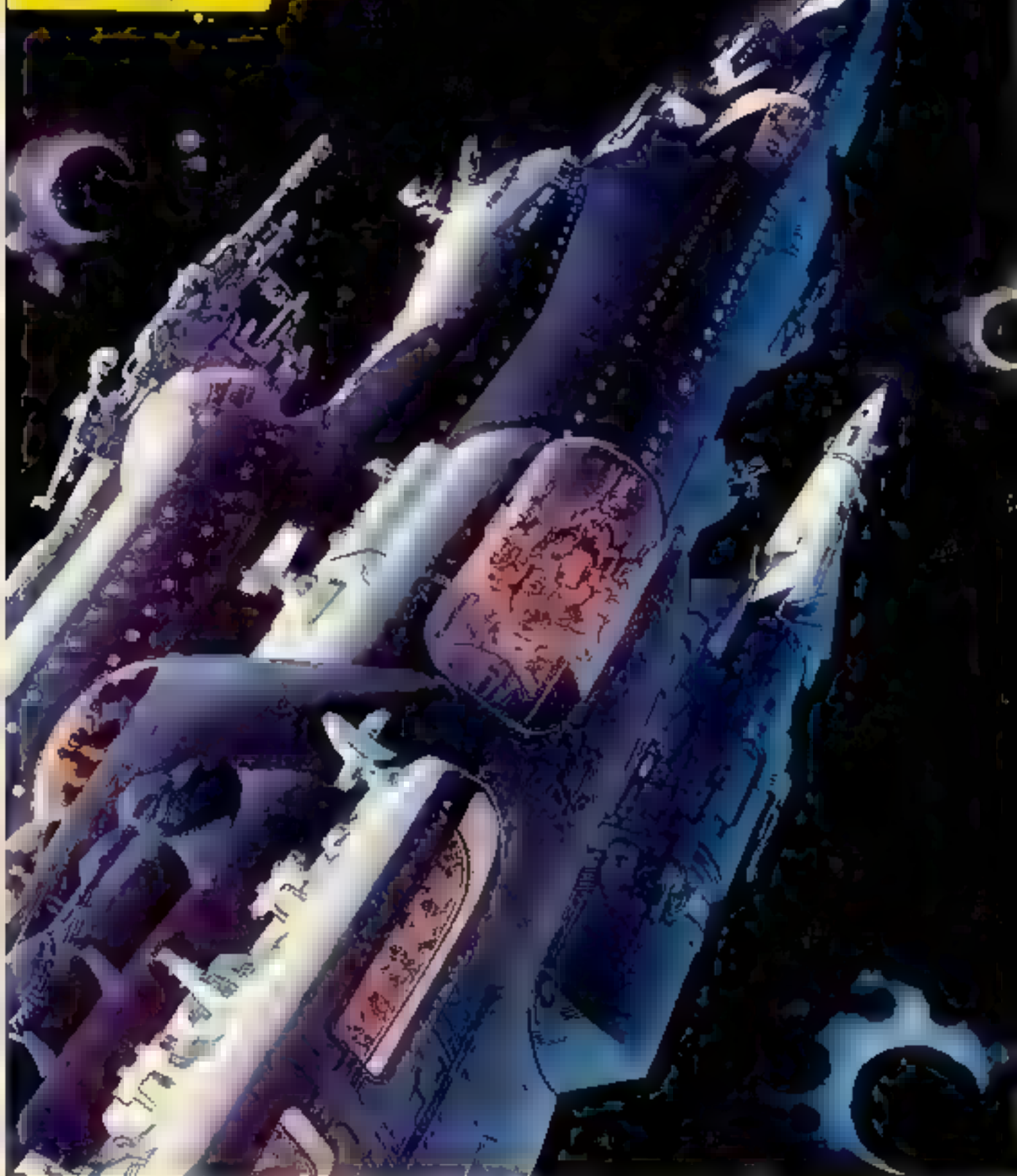
I LEARNED ADVANCED
RIFLE TECH. I LEARNED
TO OBEY, AND THEN TO
COMMAND. THE SPACE
LEGION WAS MAKING
ME A MAN.

ONE DAY, THE WORD
CAME DOWN: THE
EXPEDITIONARY FORCE
WAS ON RED ALERT
FOR A MISSION.



AND THE SUPERCRUISER
"MARILYN MONROE"
OF THE UNITED TERRESTRIAL
FORCES TOOK OFF, ALL
SYSTEMS GO.

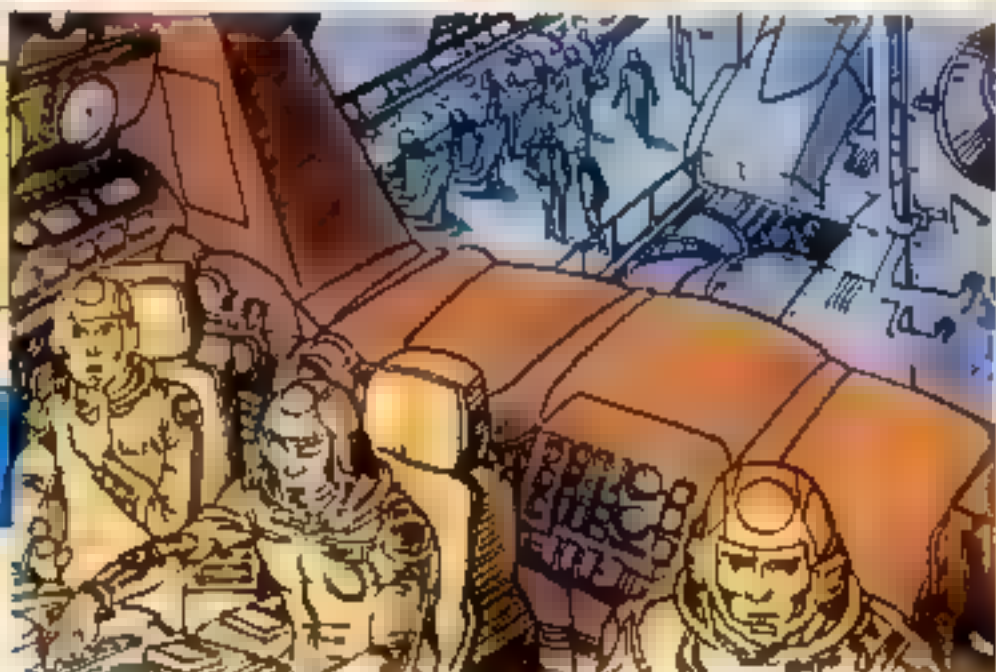
ABOARD WERE 10,000
COMMANDOS, READY
FOR ACTION.





"AND CRUSH THE AGITATORS
 WHO HAVE DISTURBED THE PEACE
 IN THESE AREAS. YOUR JOB IS TO
 EXECUTE VARIOUS PACIFICATIONS
 AND POLICE ACTIONS FOR THE
 SECURITY OF OUR ALLIES. THE
 TERRESTRIAL ORGANIZATION IS
 DAMN PROUD OF YOU!"

WE WERE BECOMING OPERATIONAL.
 THE SHIP WAS CHARGED WITH
 INTENSITY. EFFICIENCY. WE
 WERE ON A GREAT CAUSADE.



I WAS ASSIGNED TO
 INTERCEPTION AND DECODING
 GUY MESSAGES FROM THE
 REBEL ZONES BELOW. IT
 WAS A RESPONSIBLE JOB
 AND VITAL TO THE SUCCESS
 OF OUR MISSION.

SPEAKER
 555 IN
 BROADCAST
 POSITION
 READY TO
 RECEIVE

OF COURSE, I'D RATHER
 HAVE BEEN WITH THE
 STRIKE FORCE, BUT I
 FLUNKED MY FLIGHT TEST.



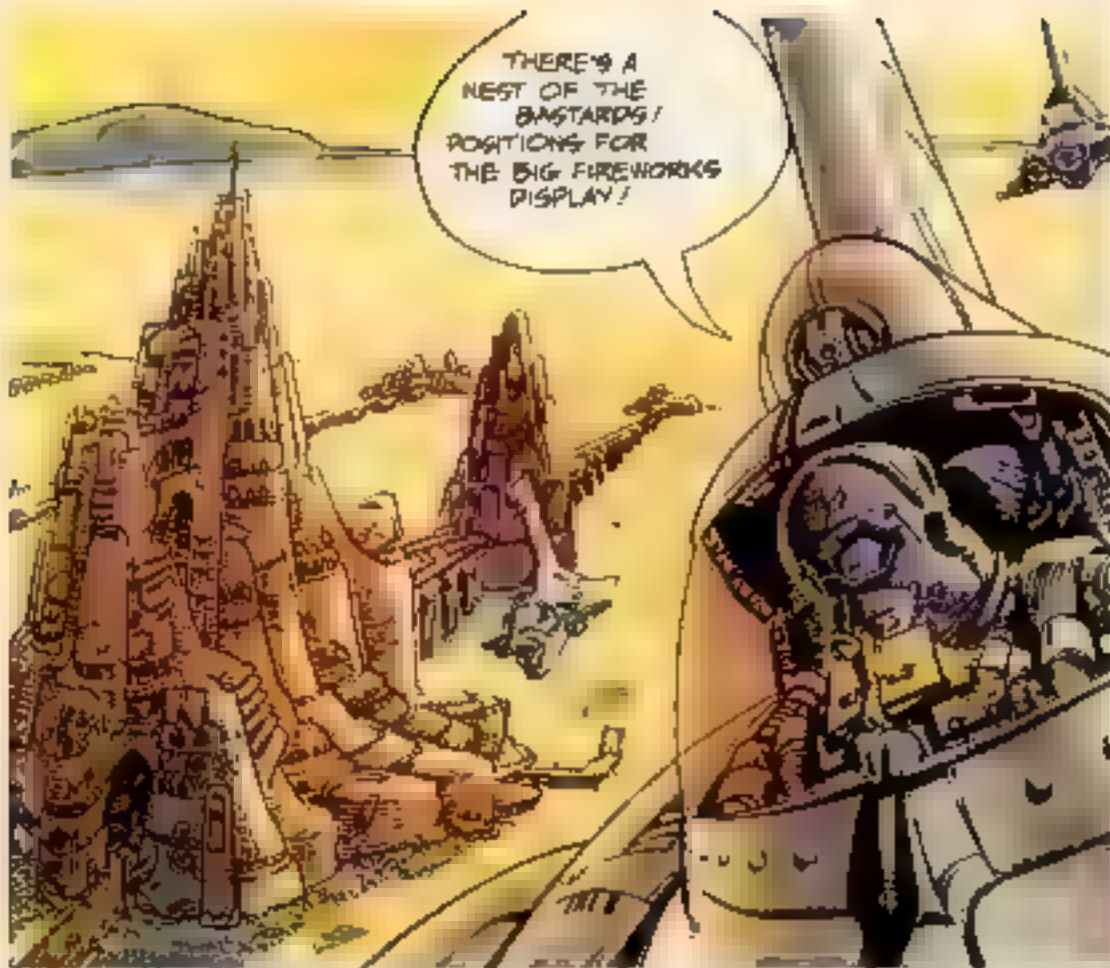
STILL WE HAD TEAM SPIRIT AND
WE KNEW ALL THOSE GUYS WE
ALL ADMIRER WERE WILLING TO
SHARE IN THE GLORY

I STILL REMEMBER ONE OF THEM,
CLOSING HIS COCKPIT BEFORE
THE LEAP INTO THE GREAT
UNKNOWN, SAYING TO US -



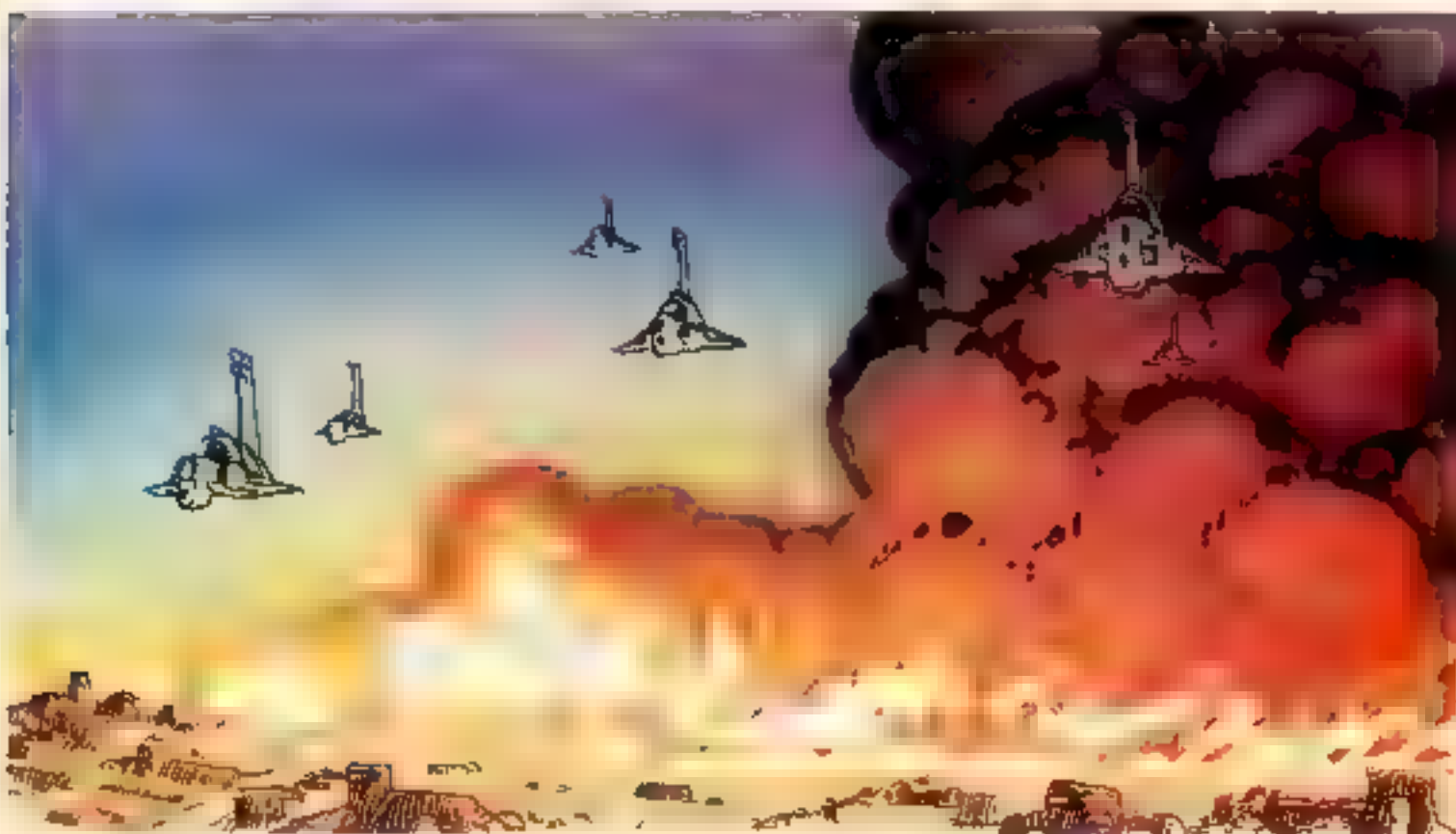
DON'T FORGET
WE'RE DEPENDING
ON ALL YOU
LITTLE GUYS!





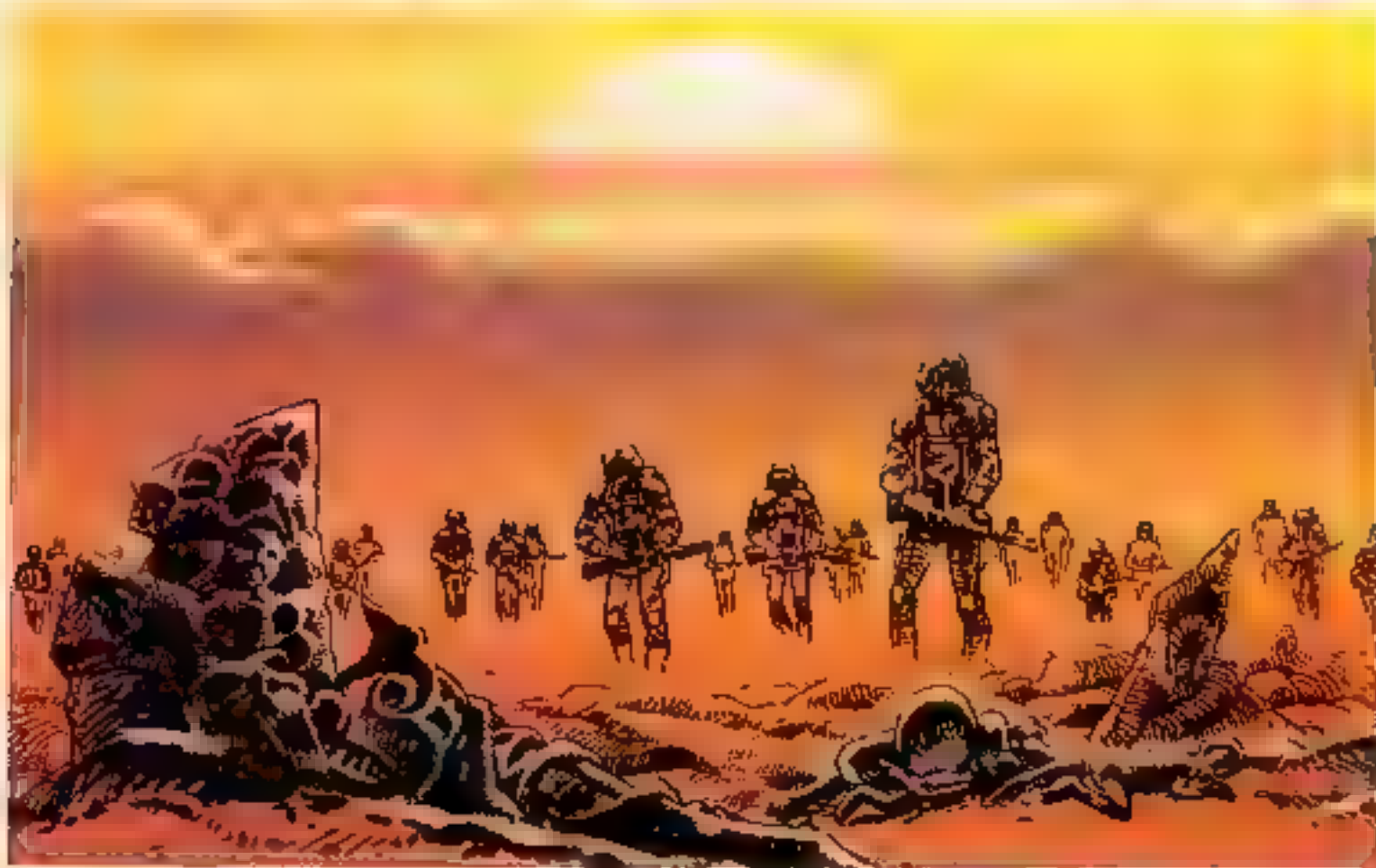
IT WAS A LONG AND VERY EFFECTIVE CAMPAIGN - A LITTLE BORING FOR THOSE OF US LEFT ORBITING IN THE BIG SHIP. THE COMMANDOS MADE FIRE STRIKES ON THE REBELS, RADARING THE POSITIONS OF THEIR NERVE CENTERS UPSTAIRS TO US, CALLING IN A MISSILE STRIKE OR TWO

"WE'D TEACH THOSE LITTLE SHITS A LESSON. FOR A WHILE. AND THEN MOVE ON TO THE NEXT PLANET"



INSIDE THE SHIP WE DIDN'T MISS ANY OF THE ACTION THANKS TO THE TV CAMERAS PIKED TO THE WAR-HEADS, AND THE COLOR COMMENTARY OF THE TECHNICAL COMMANDER.

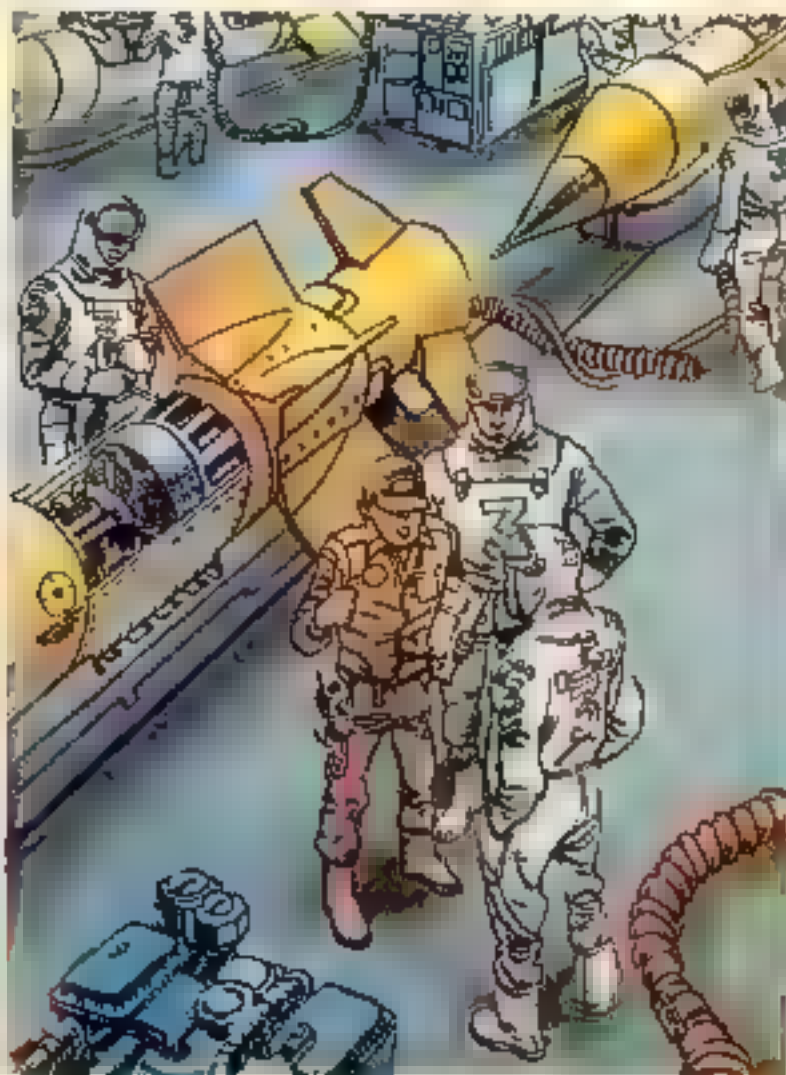
IT WAS THRILLING ONCE EVERYTHING WAS QUIET WE WOULD MAKE A LANDING AND RONDAY DOO WITH OUR ALLIES



I EVEN HAD A MOMENT OF GLORY! WE WERE ON A ROUTINE PATROL WHEN SOME NUT PROBABLY IN A STATE OF SHOCK JUMPED ONE OF MY BUDDIES I REACTED FAST AND ZAPPED HIM WITH A POSE OF RAY GUN THAT EARNED ME PERSONAL CONGRATS FROM THE COMMANDER AND A MEDAL!



THE EXPEDITION WENT ON FOR A WHILE THEN WE'D SHUFFED OUT THE LAST OF THE REBELLIONS AND WE BEGAN THE LONG TRIP BACK HOME. I MUST SAY THE ATMOSPHERE ON BOARD WAS WELL, RELIGIOUS I DON'T KNOW HOW LONG IT TOOK US TO SOBER UP FROM THAT PISS-OUT! FINALLY, BACK ON EARTH I GOT PLACEMENT IN A SMALL ARMS CONCERN THE SECURITY FOREMAN TOOK ONE LOOK AT MY REFERENCES (AND MY MEDAL) AND I LANDED A SOFT GHS AT BIG BUCKS.



THESE DAYS I'M A MARRIED MAN GOT A KID WHO'S TOUGH AS HIS OLD MAN, BUT YOU BET I CAN HANDLE HIM!

WE'RE LIVING BACK IN NEW ALBERTA, IN A REAL NICE COMPOUND, AND I WAS ELECTED MILITIA CHIEF OF MY LEVEL. YOU CAN'T ASK FOR MORE THAN THAT.

AND ALL I WANT IS A SECURE FUTURE FOR MY FAMILY CAUSE THAT'S THE KINDA GUY I AM!



1996



AGE OF AGES

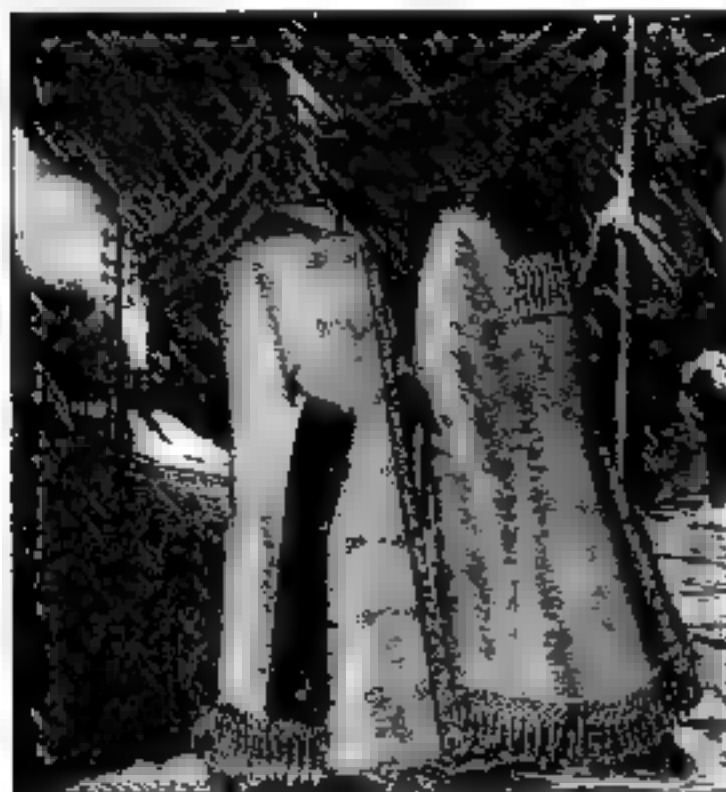
A GOTHIC
SCIENCE
FICTION
TRIP TO THE
APOCALYPSE

by
Akbar Del Piombo

Collages by
Norman Rubington



The first sign of a drastically altering world came from a strange report: the Dante and Virgil had made their way back from Hell.



Another had Hannibal lost in the Rockies, retracing his way across the Alps.





An unidentified Kabbalist returned to his beach hut in the morning. He Age 30.

The influx of Kabbalists to the beach was not the humble modesty of the Kabbalists, but the fact that they were a group of people who were not afraid to be seen in public.

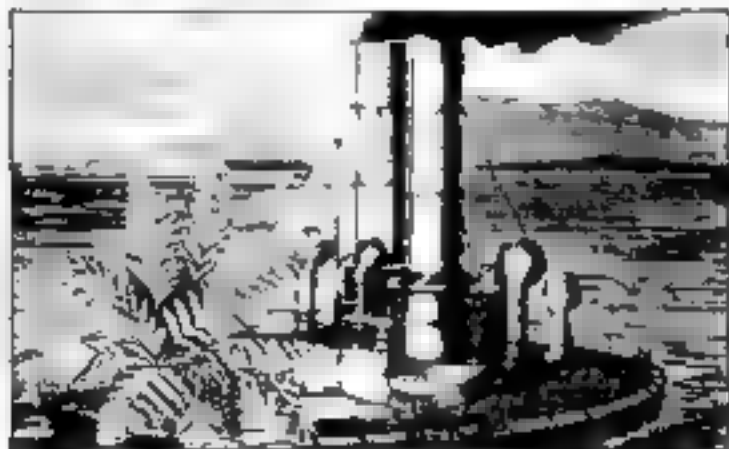


In an effort to attract a large number of Kabbalists, a woman in the morning on the beach.

The Kabbalists were not afraid to be seen in public, and they were not afraid to be seen in public.



A Kabbalist in a dark, patterned robe and a tall, pointed hat, possibly a Kabbalist, standing next to a vintage car. The car has a large, round headlight and a spare tire mounted on the side.



There were not what he saw, and people were seeing that everywhere.





A new piece of music, 'Angels in Stone', was released in Scotland and the UK, and the band's new album, 'The Last Days of the World', was also released. The band's new album, 'The Last Days of the World', was also released. The band's new album, 'The Last Days of the World', was also released.

THE BAND'S NEW ALBUM, 'THE LAST DAYS OF THE WORLD', WAS ALSO RELEASED.

The band's new album, 'The Last Days of the World', was also released. The band's new album, 'The Last Days of the World', was also released. The band's new album, 'The Last Days of the World', was also released.



A 19th-century scene, an incredible collection of a school of business, in 'The Last Days of the World' we see the band's new album, 'The Last Days of the World', was also released.



It was a truly spectacular scene, in 'The Last Days of the World' we see the band's new album, 'The Last Days of the World', was also released.

The band's new album, 'The Last Days of the World', was also released. The band's new album, 'The Last Days of the World', was also released. The band's new album, 'The Last Days of the World', was also released.



P... ..
 P... ..
 P... ..
 P... ..

... ..



And the day was over in March
 A picture of the brother took the
 Brother was the dark old man
 The picture of the brother took the
 The picture of the brother took the
 The picture of the brother took the

... ..

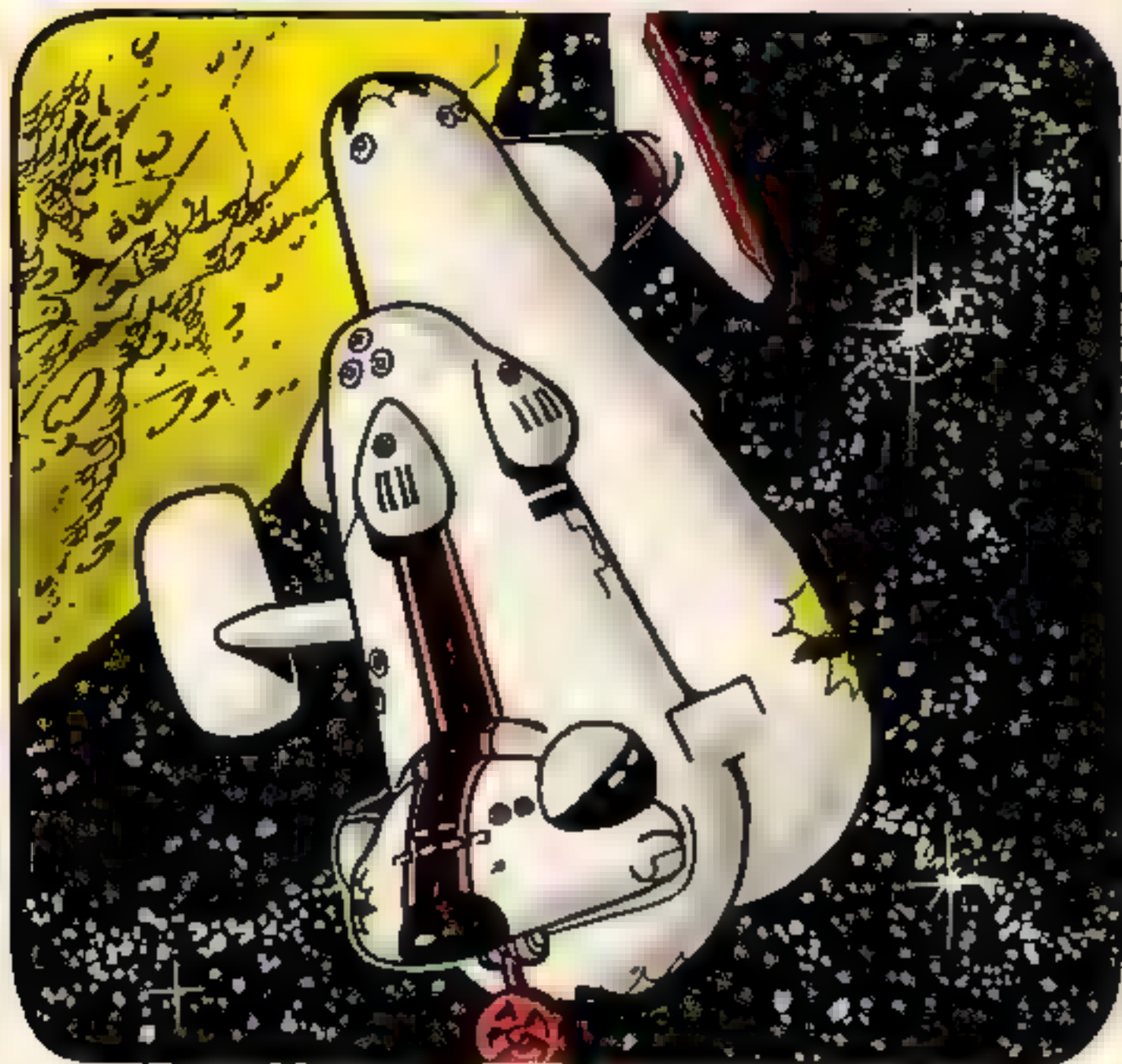


1996



SUNBURN

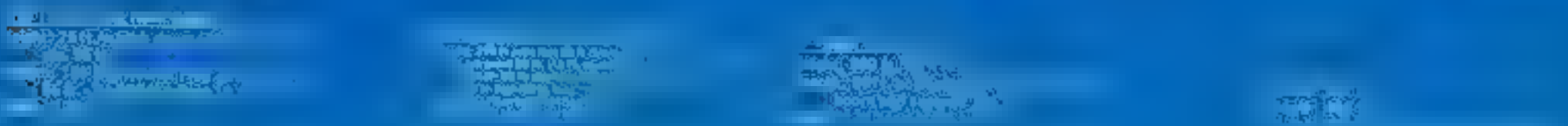
by VAUGHN BODÉ



SUNPOT VIEWS



SUNPOT SIZES





BELINDA BUMP

A robust, busty, 4-foot high pile of sex. Dr. Electric's pack of the 13 luscious fals.es on-board the Sunpot Planet.



ELECTRIC BEE

A standard force of 25 Electric Bees patrol Sunpot acting as a police force or as body guards for Dr. Electric.



FARKFOOT

The ship's foreman, Dr. Electric's first synthetic, which he considers a failure. Farkfoot is tolerated for nostalgia's sake.



SCREWBOS

About 100 of these practical, business-like machines oversee the lesser bright things like screws, coakers and stuff.



SCREWS

At least 1,000 screw machines make up the main body of the crew. Screws are cheap, easily expendable and stupid.



FUEL SCREWS

Fifty complete, ready-for-burning fuel screws are kept on board at all times. They are very unstable personalities.



COAKERS

400 coakers work manual tasks on Sunpot like washing dishes, being servants and things. They are black and, therefore, have no rights.

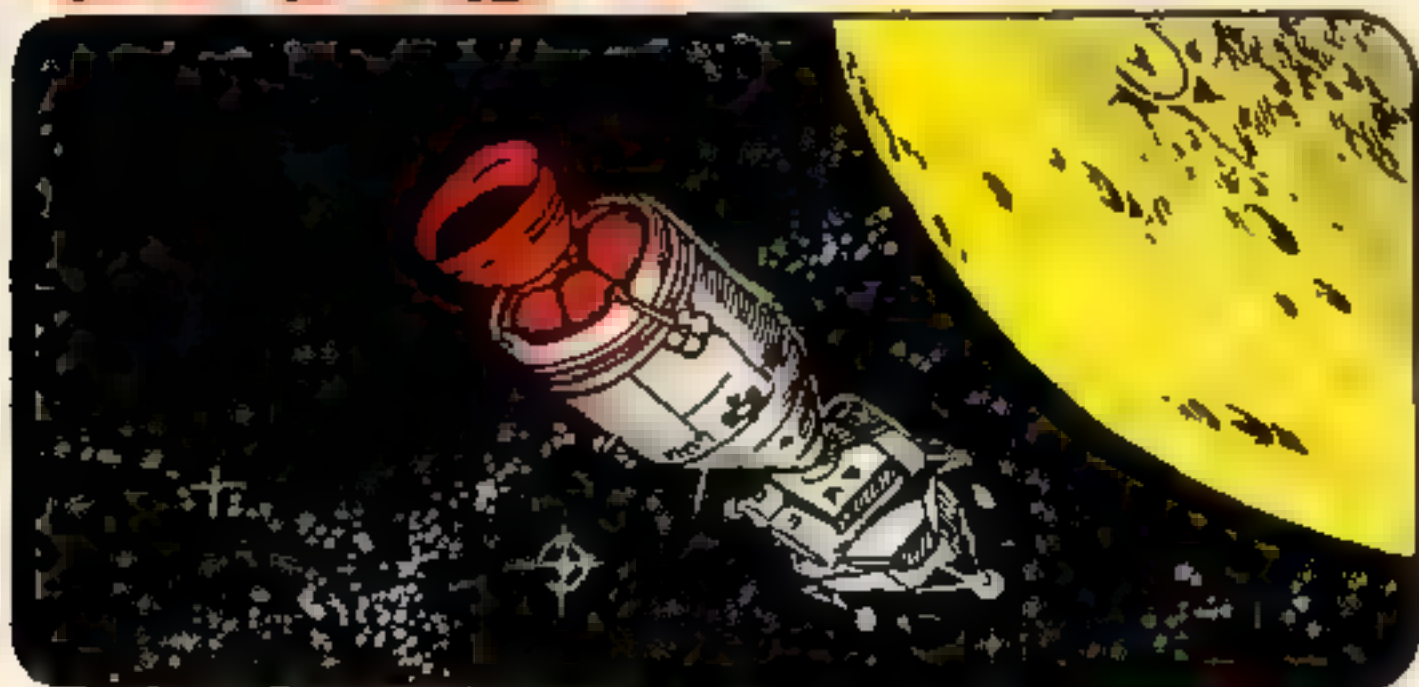


LIZARDS

Lizards, about 100, are the scientists and technicians and idiots indispensable to Sunpot's operation.

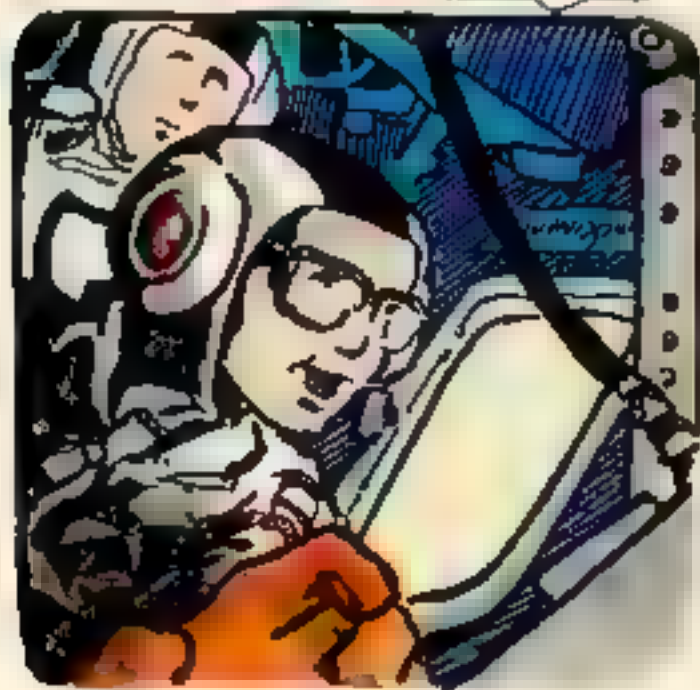
CHAPTER 1

OUT IN THE SUNNY VACUUMS OF ETERNAL AFTERNOON ALMOST TO THE MOON, ALMOST INTO ORBIT, GOES A NEW APOLO. IT FALLS TOWARD THE QUIET, MASSIVE MONSTER AND ANOTHER LANDING FORMAN....



THE JUNIOR PILOT SEES A BRIGHT, FLIPPING OBJECT PASS A MILE BELOW IT. IS QUICKLY LOST IN BRILLIANCE.

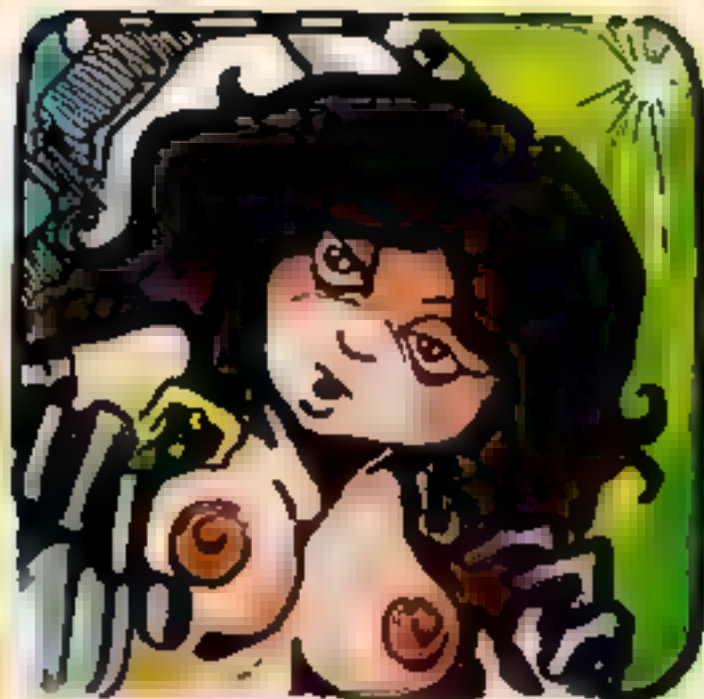
NO KIDDING, IT WAS A DAMN MOON SATELLITE, BRIGHT AS A PIECE OF TIN IN THE SUN!



HELL, WHAT YOU PROBABLY SAW WAS A FLICK OF ALUMINUM PACKING FROM THE LEM...

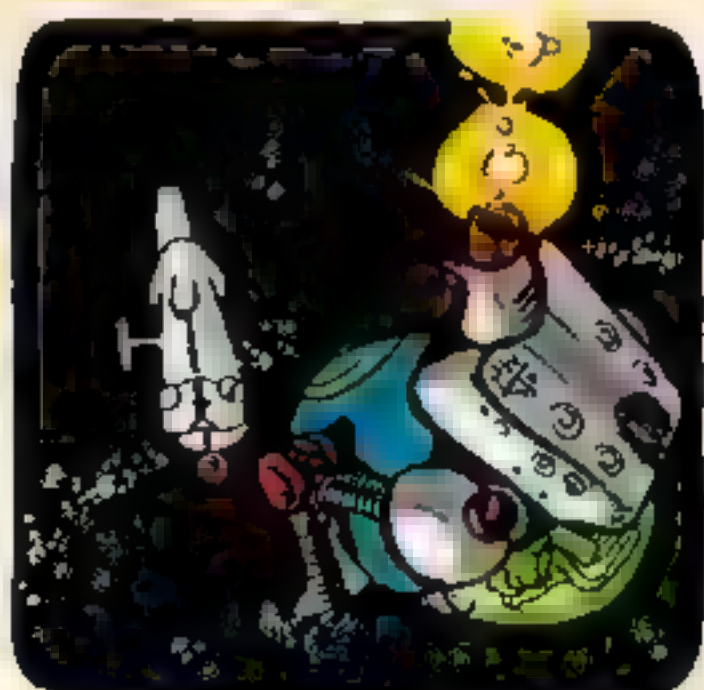
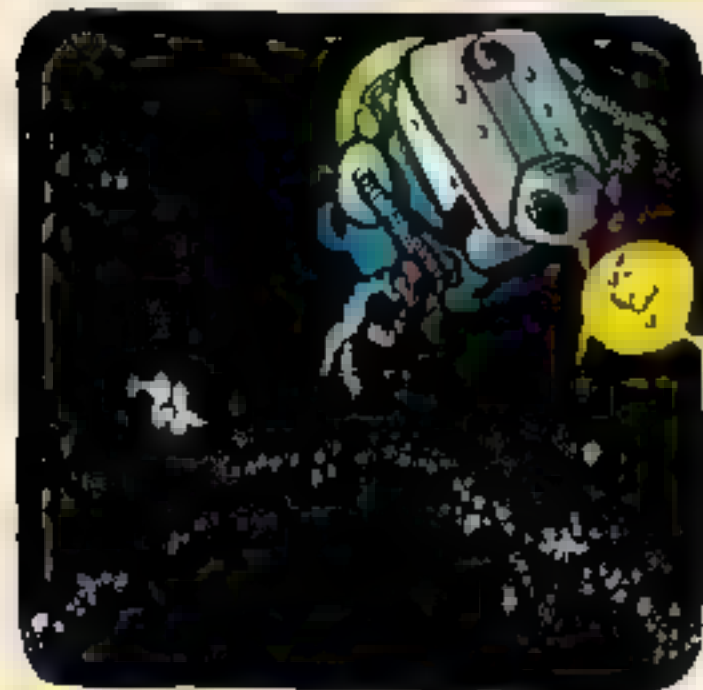
WHAT HE SAW WAS NO FLICK OF FLAKE, NOR MOON SATELLITE. WHAT HE SAW WAS A BEAN WITH HANDS!!

SUNPOT SHIP, THIS IS BELINDA
BUMP, IN BODY BEAN FIVE. I HAD
TO ABANDON THE LOUSY DAMN
BOUY POD TRANSMITTER. AN
AMERICAN APOLLO IS RIGHT BEHIND ME!



OKAY, NECTAR
NIPPLES, DIS IS
DR. ELECTRIC ON
DA HORN, WHAT'S
THA' PROBLEM?

AN APOLLO,
YOU MECHANICAL
WASP! IT'S GOIN'
INTO ORBIT, IT
WILL SEE THE
BLOODY SHIP!



EASY WIF DA'
NAMES, SWEET-
HEART OR IZ I CUT
OFF YOUR BUBBLE
BATH ALLOTMENT

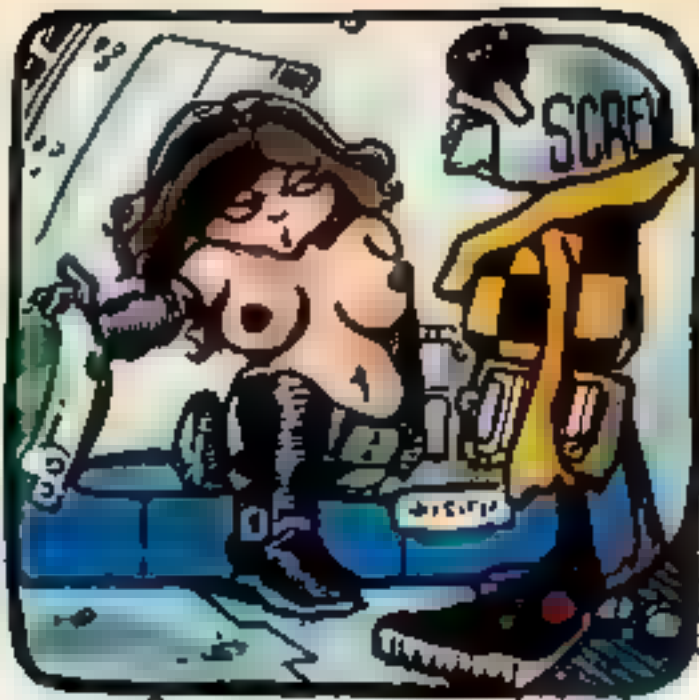
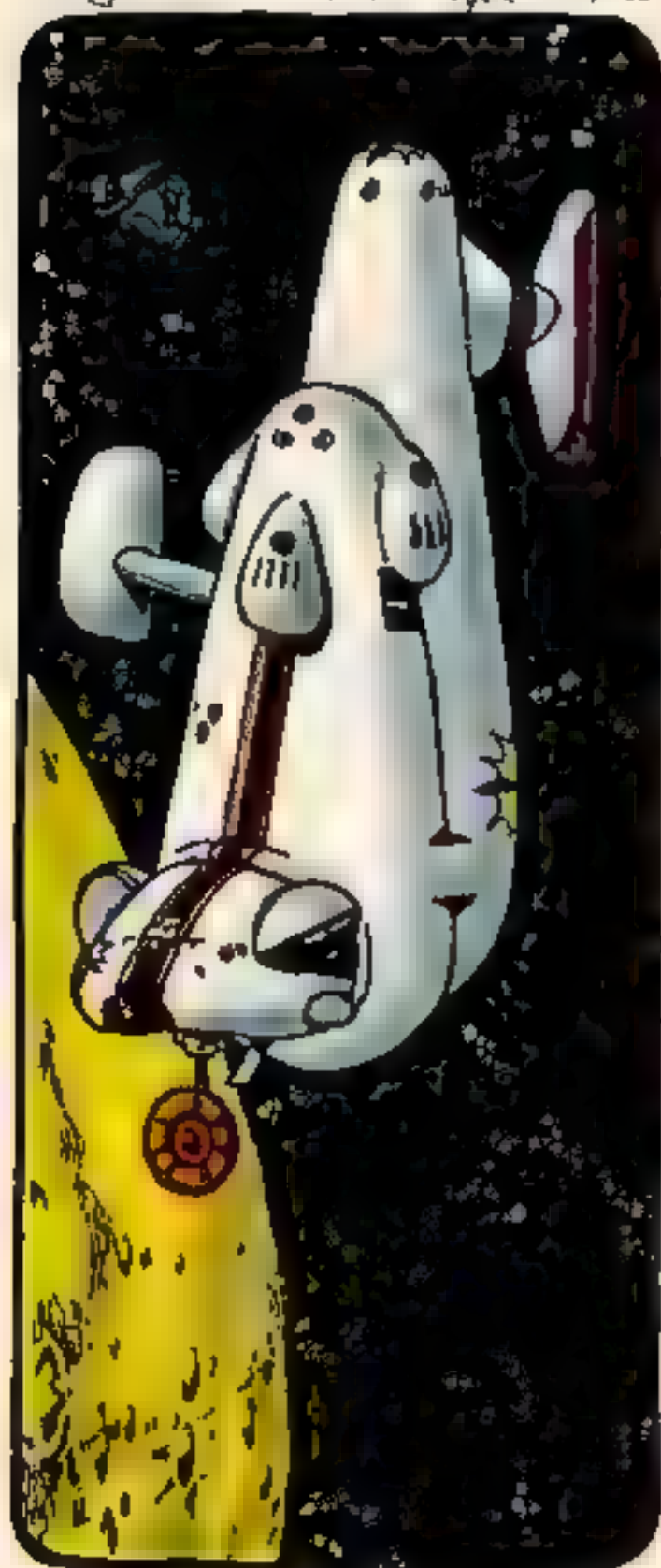
YOU BATTERY
OPERATED PYTHON,
THIS IS NO TIME FOR
YOUR STATIC HUMOR,
DO SOMETHING!

BELINDA, BABE, I AM
JUST TALKING TO
EARTHFOOT, HE THINKS
WE SHOULD SHOOT
DOWN DA' APOLLO..

GOOD
IDEA!

WHY DON'T
WE JUST MOVE
AWAY FROM
THE MOON BEFORE
THE APOLLO
COMES BY?

YOU IS BUSY, BUT DUMB!
WE CAN'T MOVE OFF UNTIL
WE START DA POWER FACTORY
SO ITS EASIER JUST TO
SHOOT EM DOWN. LOGIC.



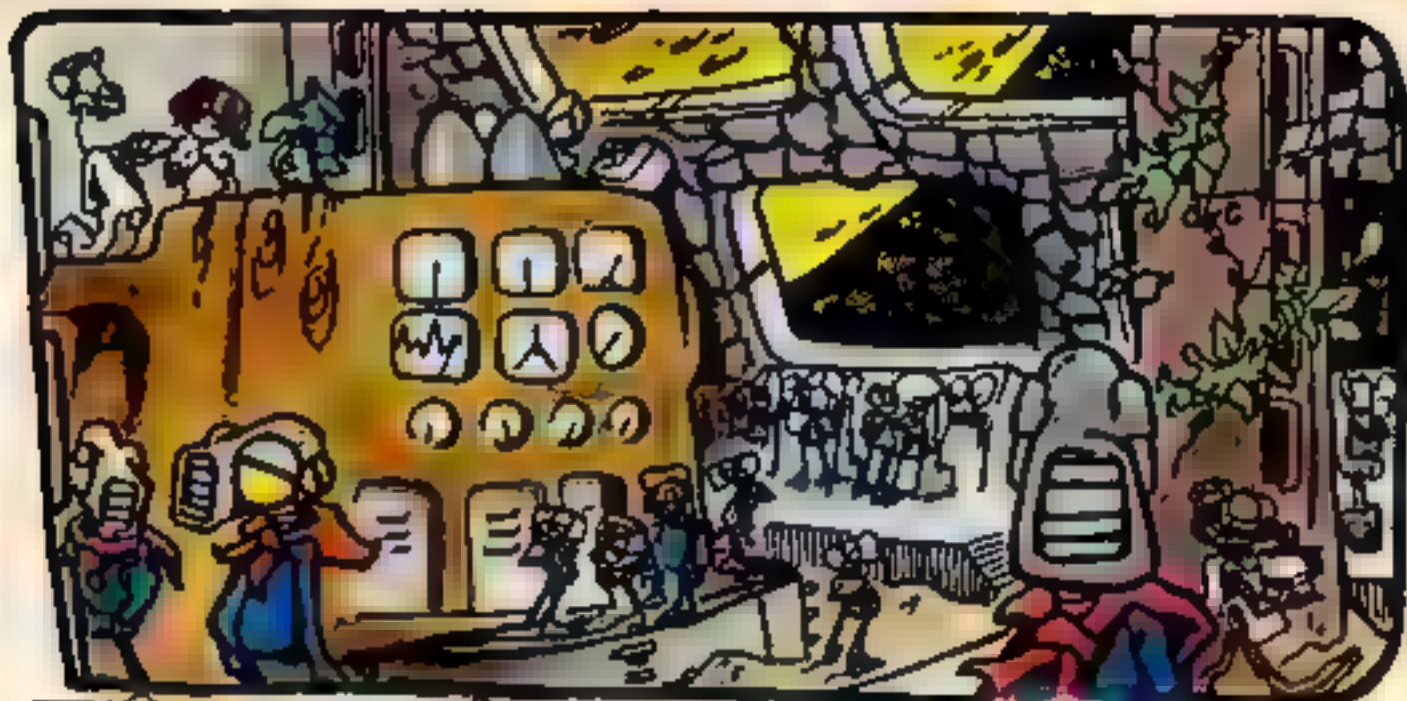
SCREWBOS, YOU
BETTER HAVE ONE
OF YER STUPID, RUSY
SCREWS CHECK THE
OIL NEXT TIME !!
WHERE'S DR. ELECTRIC?

MY SCREWS IS GOOD
BOYS, THEY MAKE LOTTA
MISTAKES, BUT THEM
LEARNIN' LIKE BLUE-
LIGHTING. THEY JUS NOT
GOOD ASSYNTHETICS?

DR. ELECTRIC,
HAVE WE GOT THE
APOLLO ON OUR
TRACKING SCREENS
YET? HUM?

ALL OUR PORTS ARE
LOCKED ON APOLLO
GONNA PASS WITHIN
100 YARDS, SO ONLY A
MORON WOULD MISS AT
DAT RANGE. LET'S GO UP
TO THA WHEEL HOUSE.





WOBBLE BOOBS, I
HOPES DIS DISPLAY
OF BRUTE POWER
WILL IMPRESS YOU INTO
CANNING DA' CRACKS...

UMA, LAST TIME YOU
DISPLAYED BRUTE
FORCE YOU BLEW OUT
TWO CONDENSERS IN
YOU-KNOW-WHERE.



FARKFOOT HERE! TO DO
DA FIRE SIGNAL...
APOLLO IS ON DA'
TARGET & CLOSING!!
STAND READY!!

REEFER
GUNS,
FIRE!!

BOOM!

HEY!! HEY
YOUSE GUYS!!
I JUST SAW A
WHOLE PACK OF
MOON SATELLITES
GO SHOOTIN' BY!!

OH MAN TOO
MUCH. JUST
SHUT UP AN
SIT DOWN...



